HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 566.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"KENTUCKY."

THE sensation of the late racing season at Jerome Park was the race of Kentucky against time, in which the latter steady old goer won easily, or in which, rather, Kentucky lost by several seconds. The race was the result of a wager of $5000 on the part of Mr. LEONARD W. JEROME, the owner of Kentucky, that that animal could run four miles in seven minutes and twenty seconds. Mr. JEROME and his friends, who were very confident, backed the horse largely; the regular turfmen generally bet on time; and a large crowd gathered to see the contest.

The race took place on October 17. De Courcy was the horse selected to accompany Kentucky for the first mile and a quarter, and the word was given as, with a running start, they galloped past the judges' stand, De Courcy twenty lengths in front. Away they flew around the course, Kentucky galloping in his old familiar grand style, and as they passed the score on the first mile the chronometers of the timers recorded 1 minute and forty-eight seconds. Near the quarter pole, on the second mile, De Courcy's mission was done, and Luther took his place in "carrying on the running," and as he approached the judges' stand he in turn dropped off, and Clara Clarita took up his task, with Kentucky a dozen lengths behind. As he passed the score on the second mile the unerring hands of time recorded 3.36, the second mile being run in 1.48, precisely the same as the first. The time of the first two miles was the fastest ever made in the North, and only half a second slower than that of Lancaster, carrying 104 pounds, at Lexington. The third mile was run in 1.53, or an aggregate of 5.29 for the three, and now the backers of Kentucky began to tremble, for his stride began perceptibly to shorten, and suddenly he seemed disposed to bolt and cut it altogether. His rider, however, kept him going, but he was laboring perceptibly on the third quarter, and as he came up the stretch his rider had to rouse him with whip and spur for the first time in his career. But it was all in vain, for as he crossed the score the 7 minutes 31¾ seconds was called, and "Time" thus won the match by 11¾ seconds.

The following is the lineage of Kentucky: Sire, Lexington; dam, Magnolia by Glencoe; granddam by Marmeduke. He was foaled in 1861; and was bred by JOHN M. CLAY of Kentucky. In his racing career Kentucky has made some very fast time, but has never excelled that made on this occasion at Jerome Park.

Our portrait of Kentucky is from an engraving published by M. KNOEDLER, 772 Broadway.

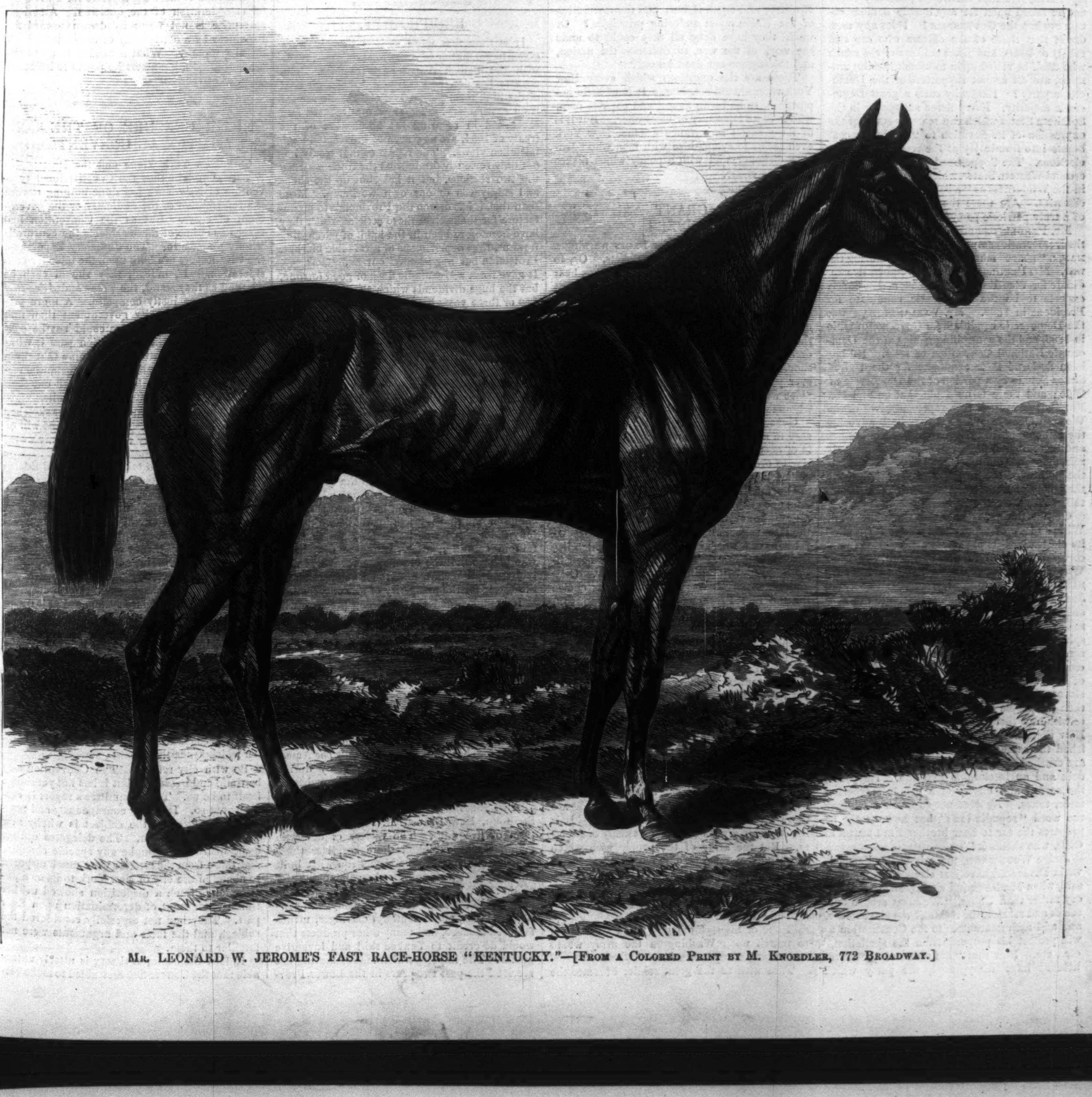
CALEDONIAN CLUB AT RANDALL'S ISLAND.

THE Caledonian Club of New York, anxious to encourage the boys of Randall's Island in their fondness for Scottish games and other athletic sports, on October 11 visited the island and witnessed their exercises. They were received by about 250 boys and a number of young girls.

The exhibition on the part of the children began with a race of 300 yards, in which several of the youths participated. The race was won by JOHN QUIGLEY. The second best competitor was WILLIAM TRAIL. The next game was a race of 600 yards, in which JAMES MILLS and WILLIAM YOUNG received the prizes. At this point the guests proceeded to the Superintendent's house and partook of refreshments, and on returning to the drill building were entertained by the boys with a game of "Hop, skip, and jump." The prize medals were given to JOHN COSTELLO and EDWARD DALY. The distance jumped was 22 feet 3 inches. In "putting the stone," CHARLES LELER and ROBERT DOOLEY were the winners. The latter threw the stone 19 feet 9 inches. A running rope race, by a dozen little girls, secured prizes for MAY LITTLE and KATE M'COOL.

The Caledonians were then shown through the various departments occupied by the children, and were further entertained by hearing the girls sing and seeing the boys perform feats of strength and agility. This ended the day's proceedings, and the visitors re-embarked on their homeward trip, highly pleased with all they had witnessed ou their visit to Randall's Island.

We publish, in connection with the several



MR. LEONARD W. JEROME'S FAST RACE-HORSE "KENTUCKY."—[FROM A COLORED PRINT BY M. KNOEDLER, 772 BROADWAY.]

sketches of these games, on page 692 a portrait of Mr. John Straiton, the Chairman of the Board of School Trustees and President of the Thistle Benevolent Association. It is to his influence that the children are indebted for the very pleasant day's amusement, and for the prizes so generously given by the Caledonian Club.

Our illustrations of the exercises at Randall's Island are by Mr. H. L. Stephens.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, November 2, 1867.

TO THE VOTERS OF NEW YORK.

THE Democratic party would gladly obliterate its war record. It claims now, as it did during the war, to have a special regard for the Constitution. It asks to be restored to power. But ought it to be supported by those who believe in equal rights as the only sure foundation of a restored and peaceful Union until it offers some evidence that it will be a safer guardian of those rights than the Republican party? If the Democratic party is now substantially the same as during the war, if it acknowledges the same leaders, if it arouses the same sympathy among those hostile to the Government, if it displays the same contemptuous hostility to equal rights, if it appeals to the old prejudices and passions engendered by slavery, can any honorable man, who sincerely wishes that the enormous sorrow and expense of the war shall have settled something, vote to intrust such a party with political power? Let us look, then, at a few facts.

General Dennison of Baltimore was recently examined by the Congressional Judiciary Committee upon the subject of the Maryland militia, especially the Baltimore regiment. He stated that the Governor, staff-officers, and many of the chief regimental officers, were either rebels during the war or strongly sympathized with the rebellion. He added that the rank and file were divided between loyal and disloyal men, and that the troops generally could not be relied upon for any hostile demonstration against the Government! Does any man doubt that those of the officers who are still rebels at heart, and those soldiers of the ranks who *could* be relied upon to attack the Government, are all ardent supporters of the Democratic party? Kentucky casts a great Democratic majority. Every fierce newspaper in the Southern States which can scarcely smother the expression of its devotion to "the lost cause" bursts into frantic joy at the result of the late elections. The Copperhead press of the Northern and Western States, which denounced Grant in the Wilderness as "a baffled butcher," are in ecstasies. Are these the signs of the success of a truly patriotic party?

Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Vallandigham led the Democratic campaign in Ohio for Mr. Thurman, a "peace" man like themselves during the war. Mr. Pendleton was the Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1864, and seriously expects to be the Democratic candidate for President in 1868. Mr. Vallandigham was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1863, and the controlling genius of the Democratic National Convention of 1864. He has been declared their candidate for the United States Senate by a portion of the Democrats of Ohio; and there is no doubt that he and Mr. Pendleton are the true representatives of the Western Democracy. Yet they both advocate the dishonor of the Government by an enormous and incredible swindle which would hopelessly ruin thousands of innocent persons. Meanwhile the politics of the city of New York illustrate the purity of Democratic administration in detail. Are these the signs of an honest party?

Or has this party changed since the war? With its love of repudiation has it repudiated its old leaders, its old sentiments? Has it sincerely acquiesced in the result of the war? Who are now its representative men? Vallandigham, Pendleton, Horatio Seymour, Judge Woodward Pierce, and all the subordinates, whose names are more or less familiar. What man is there who was truly conspicuous even as a "war Democrat" who is now a recognized chief of the party? Its present chiefs all opposed the war, and for the basest of reasons. Horatio Seymour said that "if slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that government." Now that the war is ended and slavery abolished the same Mr. Seymour declares that we are crushed and paralyzed by an overpowering debt and an intolerable taxation. He paints the sorrow and misery of a people staggering under taxes. *He* does not so much as whisper the word "repudiation;" but how neatly he prepares the ear to hear brother Pendleton in Ohio, who shouts it!

Judge Woodward, too, whom the Pennsylvania Democrats have just elected to Congress, said, when Mr. Seymour was declaring for slavery rather than Union, "We must arouse ourselves and reassert the rights of the slaveholder, and add such guarantees to the Constitution as will protect his property from the spoliation," etc., etc. Now that "the rights of the slaveholder" have disappeared, the party which elects Judge Woodward declares that the ex-slaveholder shall have exclusive charge of the ex-slave, otherwise the Constitution is gone.

Mr. Vallandigham proposed to divide the Union into four parts instead of two, as Davis and Toombs wished. This excellent Democrat was as good a rebel as his fellow-Democrats Wigfall and James M. Mason. They could not have their way. The Union was neither split into two pieces to gratify Mr. Slidell of Plaquemine, nor into four to please Mr. Vallandigham. And the Union being maintained Mr. Vallandigham now takes his old place at the head of his party line in Ohio, and to a county nomination for the Senate says, exquisitely, "No party which violates the great, sure principles of justice can long survive;" and then recommends repudiation, and proudly declares, "One of the reasons why I opposed the war was because I believed, if successful, it would end in the abolition of slavery."

These are not men in a corner, obscure men, rejected men. They are the most prominent leaders of the Democratic party. They and their followers are indispensable parts of that party, and determine its policy. That policy in finance is repudiation; in reconstruction, obedience to ex-rebel dictation. Does any man honestly believe that the success of that party will really settle any question? If at the close of the Revolution the Tories had all been recalled from Nova Scotia and England to take charge of public affairs, would the natural results of the war have been rapidly and peacefully secured? If Mr. Pendleton or Mr. Seymour were President, and Mr. Vallandigham and his friends Senators, and Fernando Wood Mayor of New York, and Mr. Daniel Voorhies the leader of a Democratic majority in the House, and Jeremiah Black Secretary of State, and Beauregard and Mayor Monroe Secretaries of War and of the Navy, and the State authorities throughout the Union were in hearty political sympathy with these persons, could those who had helped them into power congratulate themselves upon having aided honest, intelligent, and good government; the cause of liberty and equal rights; and the restoration of the Union upon enduring principles? Or would they have done all they could to undo the work of the war, to dishonor the nation, and to disgrace our dead heroes?

These are the questions which every New York voter should consider. It is of little importance, so he be an honest and capable man, who is State Secretary or Controller. But it is of the greatest importance whether New York even seems to sympathize with men who advocate dishonor, and with a policy which makes the war a crime.

GENERAL GRANT AND HIS ADVISERS.

It is very amusing to hear Fagin warning a detective to look out for pickpockets. Or, to put it in another way, it is very comical to hear the New York *World* tell General Grant that he must beware of political shysters and tricksters. "You dear man," says the artless friend of humanity, "those naughty politicians will be the death of you. Stop your ears at once, and don't listen to their wicked stories; and if they should ask you to be President, run as fast as ever you can, and tell them to go to the bad place where they belong. If you want to know whom to trust come and ask your grandmother."

General Grant has not yet found it necessary to avoid or to attract the politicians. He is of necessity and from reasons entirely superior to ordinary party control the master of the situation. There are certain movements of the public mind which may always be predicted. And one of them is the popular tendency to exalt and honor the military leader who without the least selfish ambition has been the successful hero of a war, and especially one which has saved the nation. This tendency has been illustrated four times in our own history. General Washington was the spontaneous choice for the first Presidency. General Jackson, General Harrison, and General Taylor followed, and they were successful, not from any remarkable fitness for statesmanship or experience of public affairs but because they were successful soldiers.

This tendency, indeed, is the traditional peril of republics. Some day, say the enemies of free government, there will come a war. Then the people become an army. They win a victory. They deify the successful leader. He suddenly turns into Mr. Caleb Cushing's man on horseback, and by the aid of the people overturns popular liberty. There is a fatal defect in this logic, and our history is the illustration of it. It is, that when the people are the army their liberties are pretty safe. It is the standing army which is the enemy of Liberty. But the army of the people with which Washington secured our national existence, and that with which Grant maintained it, dissolved in the moment of victory. And during its existence it was not a public danger, but a public defense. "If General M'Clellan," said one of his staff officers, "had undertaken to march upon Washington the army would have marched upon him."

Thus with us the great soldier becomes the great citizen. The instruments with which he has done his military work disappear, and only the gratitude and admiration which his work excited remain. And they exalt him. We do not give him a peerage, nor an estate, but what we can do is done. And when his service has been not only unselfish but especially wise; when he has shown in his whole career that supreme and steady good sense, which is so much rarer and greater than the mere brilliant daring in which a true discretion and prudence are wanting, a profound confidence springs in the popular heart which makes it willing to trust the same wisdom in untried spheres.

It is with such facts that politicians and all men who would secure public results must reckon. The true advice is not to bid such a man beware of politicians, but to exhort the politicians to consider him and his relation to the country. The secret of the *World's* amusing advice to General Grant is fear lest the party that sustained the war should nominate the General who victoriously ended it. It is indeed natural that those who excused rebellion, and who declare the action of Congress revolutionary and anarchical, should fear to see the victorious chief who approved that action, and the most popular man in the country, the possible candidate of loyal men. It is also natural that Montgomery Blair, a man known of all men, should undertake to reveal to a crowd of Washington Copperheads and rebels the opinions of General Grant; counting upon the General's habitual silence not to expose such foolish falsehood. It is also natural that a President who means if possible to restore the Government to the old political allies of the rebels should resolve to remove from the Department of War the General who crushed the rebellion.

Meanwhile human nature remains the same. The purpose of the loyal people of the United States is not changed by the performances of the President; and their faith in the General whom they have watched and tried is not shaken by any assault yet made upon him.

RECIPROCITY.

It is time that more serious thought were given to the matter of renewing reciprocal trade with the British American Provinces. The country has now had two years' thorough trial of the high tariff policy, and the results are far from satisfactory. Those who advocated and succeeded in securing the abrogation of the treaty of 1854, are now seen to have acted upon mistaken views. The repeal of that treaty has not only seriously diminished the trade between the two sections, but it has shut up the shops and ship-yards of our own workmen. More than this, it has driven the Provincials to manufacture for themselves those articles which they have heretofore been in the habit of purchasing from us, thus depriving us of a valuable market. Protection has not profited our manufacturers. It gave them a spasmodic flush of good fortune, but the huge dividends which they enjoyed for two or three years have now ceased to gladden them. The July dividends of the New England companies showed changes the most radical of any for a long previous period, and there is no probability of the January exhibit manifesting any improvement. When the factories—the pets of protection—can not make more than a living profit, who can reap advantage from high tariffs? It is strong evidence of a change of opinion upon this subject, that New England papers are now earnestly advocating a renewal of commercial relations with our northern neighbors upon terms similar to those of the old treaty. One Boston paper says the question is "vital to the interests of New England, which, almost without exception, have been seriously compromised and injured." While we do not fully indorse the free trade doctrines that obtain in certain quarters, we agree with those who believe that the old arrangement was mutually advantageous, and the sooner renewed the better for the prosperity of all concerned.

It is understood that a strong pressure will be brought to bear upon Congress at its next session, by Americans largely interested in the coal-fields of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to secure the importation of Provincial coal free of duty. It is likely to prove successful. We are now paying vastly too much. The cost of importation is so excessive as to amount almost to prohibition. Some idea of the state of the coal trade may be gathered from the figures of Major Norton, the American Consul at Pictou; these show that he has had only *one* American vessel this year, against seventy during the last year of the treaty! Other branches of commerce languish in less degree.

An industrial exhibition has just closed at St. John, New Brunswick, after a successful term of five days. The variety of domestic manufactures exhibited there surprises those who have supposed that New Brunswick built only ships. These embraced steam-engines for steam-ships, factories, and locomotives, cotton and woolen fabrics, spinning, knitting, and sewing machines, stoves, cutlery, carriages, manufactured tobacco, and many other products that would do credit to Yankee skill and inventive genius. The impetus which manufacturing has received the past two years in the Lower Provinces is something remarkable. There are now nearly 100 factories in St. John alone. Halifax, Nova Scotia, has gone largely into tobacco manipulation and sugar refining, branches of industry scarcely known there heretofore—the direct effects of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty. We need not, however, enumerate; we shall merely confine ourselves to stating general facts.

We have heard it confidently asserted by residents of the New Dominion that a resolution would be brought forward at the approaching session of the Canadian Parliament, to ask upon what terms the United States would consent to restore the provisions of the former treaty. There is no denying that the Provinces have suffered less from its repeal than this country has done; still they are anxious for its renewal, and are ready to make overtures. It is to be hoped that at least a modification of the existing law may be secured. The political transition which the Provinces are now undergoing favor a change. The facilitating of commercial intercourse with them would favorably influence the people toward the United States, and hasten the consummation of annexation, which most of them look forward to as ultimately certain. The progress of the "European and North American Railway," which is to connect New Brunswick with Maine, and of other lines of intercommunication, strengthen the reasons for renewing the Treaty. While we are spending forty millions to develop trade with the Pacific coast, taking steps to secure reciprocity with the Sandwich Islands, and sparing no means to secure commercial intercourse with far-off Japan, we are certainly justified in forming a closer connection with our next-door neighbor, the benefits of which are already assured by a ten years' experience. A single word is all that is necessary to accomplish that which will increase our revenue and inspire a hundred drooping branches of industry. As the subject is to be broached this winter in the Legislative bodies of both countries, it would be easy to effect a mutually satisfactory negotiation. The present time is most appropriate for a thoughtful consideration of the question. American enterprise is not naturally drawn toward the Provinces by a community of interests and political sympathy. What is needed is, that commercial gravitation assert its power to influence political attraction.

UNFAIR CENSURE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The New York *Times* and the Boston *Advertiser* complain that the Constitutional Convention of New York has done nothing toward the reformation of the Judiciary or the government of cities. But as the Convention had reached neither of these subjects the censure is wholly premature. The Judiciary Report and the City Report are both upon the table for consideration. If, indeed, they should each be adopted as they stand, the *Times* and *Advertiser* might perhaps justly complain. A more preposterous plan for city government than that reported by the Committee could not be conceived. Should the Convention pass it without radical modification we presume that thousands of the most intelligent and substantial residents of the city would instantly sell out their whole property interest within its limits.

The new Constitution is in a manner sketched by the various reports. But the outline will of necessity be essentially changed in many ways; and it seems to us that it was extremely wise for the Convention to take a recess, and inform itself of public sentiment upon the proper character of such changes. But it is very unwise to speak of the particular reforms that were expected of the Convention. The members themselves have a habit of alluding to what they were expected to do, as if they were acting under specific instructions. But nothing is more erroneous than such a view. The New York *Times* perhaps supposes that the great reform demanded is that of the Judiciary system. Yet it would probably find that the very point which seems the key of the whole—the elective system—is that which its own political friends from the interior are the least disposed to touch. The *Times* may accuse such delegates of want of courage and determination. But it forgets that it speaks wholly from the experience of the city. That of the rural districts is entirely different; and the rural delegates do not want courage, surely, because they represent the public opinion which sends them.

So with city reform. The Convention *may* be timid and irresolute, but it has not yet shown itself to be so. The Committee's report is certainly not so. It is very courageously and resolutely wrong. But the subject is wholly new to such a Convention. The delegates did *not* come instructed to make any specific changes, and those from the interior were much disposed to abandon the city of New York to its own destruction. Such a disposition showed neither timidity nor want of determination upon their part. They had not especially considered the subject, and the facts and arguments were not familiar to them.

Indeed the common theory is utterly untenable that the Convention assembled to make certain specific reforms. One delegate, or newspaper, says that the chief business is the reform of the Court of Appeals; others say that it is the equalization of the suffrage; others, that it is to secure good government for great cities; others, that it is to regulate and reform the management of our public works. Each has his theory of the special duty of the Convention. But the truth is, that its business is to revise the Constitution, and to suggest to the people such amendments as it thinks desirable, or to draft a new instrument. The whole Constitution, in all its parts, is intrusted to it for revision, and it is not timid because some reforms which seem very important to others are of little weight in its own estimation; nor is it irresolute because it deliberates at length upon serious changes.

The *Times* says, the Convention "seems incapable of properly grasping the subjects with which it has to deal. It either fails to appreciate their importance, or it lacks the courage to treat them on their merits." But no man who heard the debate upon the canals and finances will doubt the ability of the Convention to deal with the most vital topics of State interest. The canal, oddly enough, is a dry subject, and it is understood familiarly by very few city readers of the *Times* or any other paper. Moreover, the reports of the debates were belated two or three weeks in the Albany *Evening Journal* and *Argus*, and are very long. There was no report of them in any New York paper, except a mere abstract in the *Tribune*. Therefore very few persons know whether they are able or not. But those who say that the importance of the Canal debate, for instance, was not appreciated by the Convention, or that its treatment lacked courage or ability, merely speak at random.

When the Convention shall have gone over the whole ground of the task intrusted to it, and framed a Constitution, it will be in order to censure or to approve it. But with many of the most important reports not yet taken from the table or considered in the least, however much the Convention may be criticised for its long debates, it can not fairly be condemned for what it has not done.

"DISREGARDING" THE LAW.

One of the most preposterous reports that has been lately sent from Washington is the assertion that the President proposes to disregard the Tenure of Office Bill, and treat it as a nullity until the Supreme Court decides whether it is constitutional. "Here's richness" again; and the Copperhead Doctors shake their heads approvingly over the report, and exclaim, "Nothing could be more absurd than to dispute the right of the President to bring laws which he believes unconstitutional to a judicial test."

The President, as President, has nothing whatever to do with the constitutionality of laws after he has opposed them by his veto. His sole duty in regard to them after they are passed over his veto is to see that they are faithfully executed. Then, if any body feels himself to be aggrieved, he will bring an action in the Supreme Court. But if the President, having exhausted his veto, proposes to treat all laws which he does not approve as unconstitutional, and refuse to see to their execution until they are legitimated by the Supreme Court, nothing can be plainer than that every law passed by Congress must be sent into the Supreme Court room and approved before the President will take care that it is faithfully executed. Nothing could be more absurd than such a view of the duty of the Executive except all the rest of the President's theories.

Of course, as the Copperhead Doctors truly remark, this appeal to determine the constitutionality of a law "is a right possessed by every citizen." But to say that nobody is bound to obey a law until some Court has decided it to be constitutional, is simply to declare chaos come again. The Tenure of Office Bill is a law—and not a very wise one; and the President has just as much right to disregard it as he has to nullify every other law upon the statute-book. He is a citizen of the United States like the rest of us; and if he disobeys the law he will inevitably suffer the penalty.

"HARPER'S BAZAR."

Our sprightly companion *Harper's Bazar* begins its career with a brilliant fulfillment of all its promises. It is not only the most complete and various and elaborate journal of fashion that we have, but it is also a miscellany of entertaining and sensible literature. We advise all our readers to look at it, and to reflect upon the real value and excellence of such a weekly visitor. Especially in the country so unquestionable a fashionable authority, and so plain and careful a guide in the making of every kind of garment, will be singularly useful. There is no longer any excuse for clumsy or tasteless dress. If the material be tow cloth it may be cut as gracefully and made as prettily as if it were brocade. And it is as a missionary of good taste, and therefore of beauty, that a journal like *Harper's Bazar* can be made of great service. It is not every body who can afford to have costly clothes, but for the price of *Harper's Bazar* every body can have neat and graceful and pretty clothes. The new paper is beautifully printed, and has already the air of prosperity and success.

THE DEAN RICHMOND VERDICT.

The coroner's jury which viewed the body of William Ryan, the fireman drowned upon the steamer *Dean Richmond*, found that his death was caused by the sinking of the steamer after the collision with the *C. Vanderbilt*, "the said collision being caused by the culpable carelessness and *criminal intent* of those navigating the steamer *Vanderbilt*; and we find that said collision was occasioned solely by the mismanagement or evil intent of the officers and crew of the steamer *C. Vanderbilt*, and in no other way; and the jurors aforesaid on their oath do say that the said William Ryan so came to his death by the acts of the said officers and crew of the said steamer *C. Vanderbilt*, and not otherwise."

It remains now for the Grand Jury to indict the captain and officers of the *C. Vanderbilt* for manslaughter or murder, and the public will have an opportunity of ascertaining whether the lives of the passengers and crew upon a vessel are wholly at the mercy of the commander and his subordinates. It would be interesting to know whether "those navigating" the *C. Vanderbilt* now are those who ran down the *Dean Richmond*.

MARRIAGE AND THE INHERITANCE OF DISEASE.

Some talk about the regulation of marriage, which shall prevent it on the part of those who have some taint of constitution, as the consumptive or the scrofulous, as if it were the grand means of improving the condition of the race and adding to the general health. We demur to this. We think that altogether too much is made of this point. We do not believe that the course of true love should be interrupted by grave inquiries into constitutional tendencies that may have been inherited and may hereafter be developed. When actual disease exists the subject, indeed, demands consideration; but we do not believe in setting lovers to work hunting up liabilities which may have descended from parents or grand-parents, with the idea that if any indications of their transmission are found love should fall back into mere common friendship, and the bans be forbidden. Let us see whether we are right about this.

Commonly there is no inheritance of actual disease, but only the disposition to it is transmitted. Thus in the case of consumption or scrofula there is no poison or taint communicated from parent to child. There is no specific transmission, but there is impressed a certain cast of constitution which is attended with certain tendencies or liabilities. The same is true of insanity and epilepsy. Here the nervous system is mostly involved in the transmission.

But these tendencies or liabilities may be obviated, at least for the most part, and often wholly, by proper hygienic training. This is a grand fact—it is the fact which renders marriage advisable under circumstances which would otherwise render it wholly improper. We see this strikingly exemplified often in families that have decided consumptive tendencies. We call to mind many such families in which all the females died of consumption, but not one of the male members. Why the difference? Simply because the latter pursued such an active life as to invigorate the system and thus enable it to cast off inherited tendencies of a morbid character. So also when in such families any of the male members have succumbed, very commonly it has been seen to be the result of sedentary habits and other debilitating influences.

Such facts exhibit finely the power of hygienic measures. They show in the most distinct manner the tendency which the system has to right itself—to rid itself of all bad tendencies, whether inherited or acquired. But to do this it must have fair play. It must not be hampered by habits and customs that restrain or prevent its capabilities. There is no mystery about this. The laws of health are very simple. Nature should be the guide, and her directions or indications are plain and easily read.

There is not enough thought of this power of training. Its very simplicity often causes it to be overlooked. Men are fond of getting hold of something which is occult, and far to seek. They have too much faith in the power of medicine, and too little in the safeguards and recuperative powers of nature. We see this often in the treatment which the recommendations of the physician receives. His strictly medical directions for the invalid are scrupulously followed, but those which relate to the habits of living are apt to be more or less neglected. And if the patient recovers his health, and measures of hygiene be prescribed for the invigoration of the system that a return of the malady may be prevented, little heed is generally given to his advice.

It is very clear from what we have said that caution as to matrimonial alliances can do but little for the promotion of the public health. The observance of the rules of hygiene is the grand means of doing this. With this strong men can be raised from a feeble parentage, and without it the progeny of strong parents will become feeble and diseased.

Let us not be understood as speaking lightly of the transmission of diseased tendencies. The evil is a serious one, and especially when such tendencies are made to accumulate in force in generation after generation. But we would have the means of prevention and of remedy to be clearly understood. Let every parent look at this subject in earnest, and so train up his children that they may be healthy and vigorous fathers and mothers. The duty is an imperative one, and is not to be lightly put aside from indolence, or indulgent fondness, or, as is more often the case, from the demands of fashion.

We have said that disease itself is not ordinarily transmitted. But there is one exception of a peculiarly marked character. It is that disease that comes as a curse upon libidinous indulgence. Sad, exceedingly sad, are some of the cases in which this disease is transmitted to children. As this sin is against that in our nature which makes the basis of the social state its saddest results are social. And he who has had this corruption fastened upon him should not dare to enter upon the matrimonial state. His foul blood should never be allowed to poison the blood of others.

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF DR. DRAPER'S HISTORY.

It is as true now as it was before the war that a better understanding of each section, Northern and Southern, by the people of the other would allay political animosities and conduce to harmony of sentiment. This understanding, however, can proceed only from a candid consideration of all the physical and moral laws involved in the conflict. It is in this view that Dr. Draper's history of the war is so interesting and significant. How strongly it impresses those who had not thought of the varied character of the influences that control human action may be seen in the following letter of a correspondent in South Carolina:

"I have read Dr. Draper's first volume with more interest than I have read any book since Macaulay's 'History of England.' Every thinking man should read it. There is a greater variety of facts, grouped together in a truly philosophical arrangement, than can be found any where else. It may truly be said that had the knowledge of these facts been generally diffused throughout our country the civil war he has essayed to describe could never have begun. Had the South been better informed as to the relative strength of the two sections, had she known that the current of thought and opinion at the North was the result of natural and physical causes, which gave a resistless momentum to its development, she would never have undertaken the hopeless task of forming two separate nations, where God and nature intended there should be but one.

"Some of Dr. Draper's theories are so new and startling that the mind does not readily yield assent to them. But he maintains these theories with such a plausible array of facts that the longer we dwell upon them the more reasonable they appear.

"While many of the lessons taught by Dr. Draper come too late, as regards the tendency which they would have had to avert the late strife, they still have an immediate and practical value. No one can doubt that one result of the war is suspicion and distrust on the part of the North, and, on the part of the South, resentment and ill-will. We must look to time and to such teachings as those of Dr. Draper to remove these feelings. When the people of the North understand the influences of climate and the progress of a different set of ideas, working on men, who, although of the same race, had become widely separated by pursuits, apparently or really antagonistic, they may come to believe that the civil war was a moral and physical necessity. By the illustration of the influences which operated upon the two sections respectively, Dr. Draper's work (which every Northern and Southern man should read) teaches indirectly and silently the lesson of *charity*—that charity which alone can heal the wounds made by the war, and reconcile to each other the hostile sections. Our country needs a union of sentiment as well as of government, and every book which furnishes a firm foundation for a real Union, based on natural and physical as well as on moral and educational influences, should be hailed with delight, and studied with care by every patriot and Christian.

"The North should forgive the South for simply yielding to the influences of climate, soil, and education; and the South should forgive the North for the hard lesson which influences of the same character compelled her to bestow on her erring sisters. Both sections were guided by the instinct of self-preservation. In such an antagonism *power* alone could settle the controversy; and it has settled it in favor of the North. Both sections, therefore, may profit by Dr. Draper's book, and learn the lesson of mutual forgiveness. Let every reflecting mind ponder the facts and theories so ably grouped and developed by this painstaking and suggestive author, who, having the faculty of seeing the errors of both sections, is far more competent than any mere politician to write an impartial history."

To the suggestions of our correspondent we will add that Dr. Draper's work, as it progresses, will consider the necessities developed by our civil war as candidly and philosophically as it has those which produced it. The necessity of securing the fruits of this great struggle, and the principles which should control our whole people in the readjustment of the harmony so violently disturbed by rebellion, are subjects which should be well weighed by both Southern and Northern men. The difficulties and animosities attending that readjustment would vanish, and leave a clear sky overhead, if the teachings of a true philosophy could take the place of selfish partisanship, and of all the lower motives which inflame, disturb, and disjoint the nation.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

Of course every one who wishes to be witty must, some time in the course of his life, drag in the seven sleepers, which is about the same as a reference to seven senses. But to the matter. The story of the seven sleepers was an old piece of irony, very old indeed, and very much, in essence, like Rip Van Winkle's long slumber.

The seven sleepers were reputed to be inhabitants of Ephesus—perhaps they were aldermen. However, six, it is stated on ancient authority, were persons of local consequence, and the seventh a servant. During the Decian persecution they retired to a cave, from whence the attendant was dispatched occasionally to the city for food. Decius, hearing of their course, ordered the mouth of the cave to be closed up by masonry while the whole seven were taking a nap. No doubt it was just after dining. After a lapse of several centuries a part of the wall tumbled down by reason of age, so that light penetrated the interior and actually awoke the whole of them. Feeling refreshed by sleep, the servant was sent off as usual for a basket of provisions, their appetites being keen. He found Ephesus so singularly changed since the last trip he was amazed at the alterations. No one knew him, nor could he recognize a single familiar face in the city. The money offered for what he purchased was an oddity. No one had ever seen any such before. A citizen accused him of having robbed an antique treasury, and had the poor fellow arrested. The story reached the emperor, who visited the cave to ascertain if what he related was true. It was corroborated by the six men, who died on concluding their story.

COLORS MADDENING ANIMALS.

What reason can be assigned for the well-known fact that red, more than any color, excites many animals to the highest point of desperation? Many persons have unquestionably lost their lives in consequence of wearing articles of dress which provoked domesticated animals to such a pitch of fury as to lead to melancholy results. Females, for example, in attempting to cross a pasture, wearing a red shawl, a red covering for the head, a scarlet dress, or flowing scarlet ribbons, where bulls are grazing, hazard their lives. Oxen, otherwise peaceably disposed, become intensely infuriated at some seasons by the sight of bright-red handkerchiefs, or almost any article of female dress of that particular hue. It is equally curious that turkeys manifest the same restlessness and ultimate excitement at red flags or red dresses. The turkey cock on such occasions assumes extraordinary dignity, gobbling most uproariously, and creating immense excitement in his family, not accustomed to the sight. Nearly all the wild grazing animals exhibit extreme surprise, if not positive fright, when a red cloth floats before them. Perhaps the carnivorous quadrupeds feel the same annoyance under like circumstances; but, at all events, as a cause for all this turbulence has not been satisfactorily explained, it is always safe not to provoke the ire of animals which are thus affected.

ECHO.

Come to me in the silence of the night;
  Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
  As sunlight on a stream;
    Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
  Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
  Where thirsting longing eyes
    Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
  My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
  Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
    Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Mower, commanding in Louisiana, has issued his order declaring the result of the late election to have been in favor of the Convention by 70,992 votes. The order also designates the 23d of November as the time and the Mechanics' Institute Hall as the place for the assembling of the delegates. This hall is the one in which the riots of July, 1866, began.

NEWS ITEMS.

Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, advises the young men of his State to become farmers and do their own work. His motive is not as wise as his advice. He says that by doing this they will get rid of negro and foreign emigrant labor. On the contrary, they will have greater means wherewith to employ such labor.

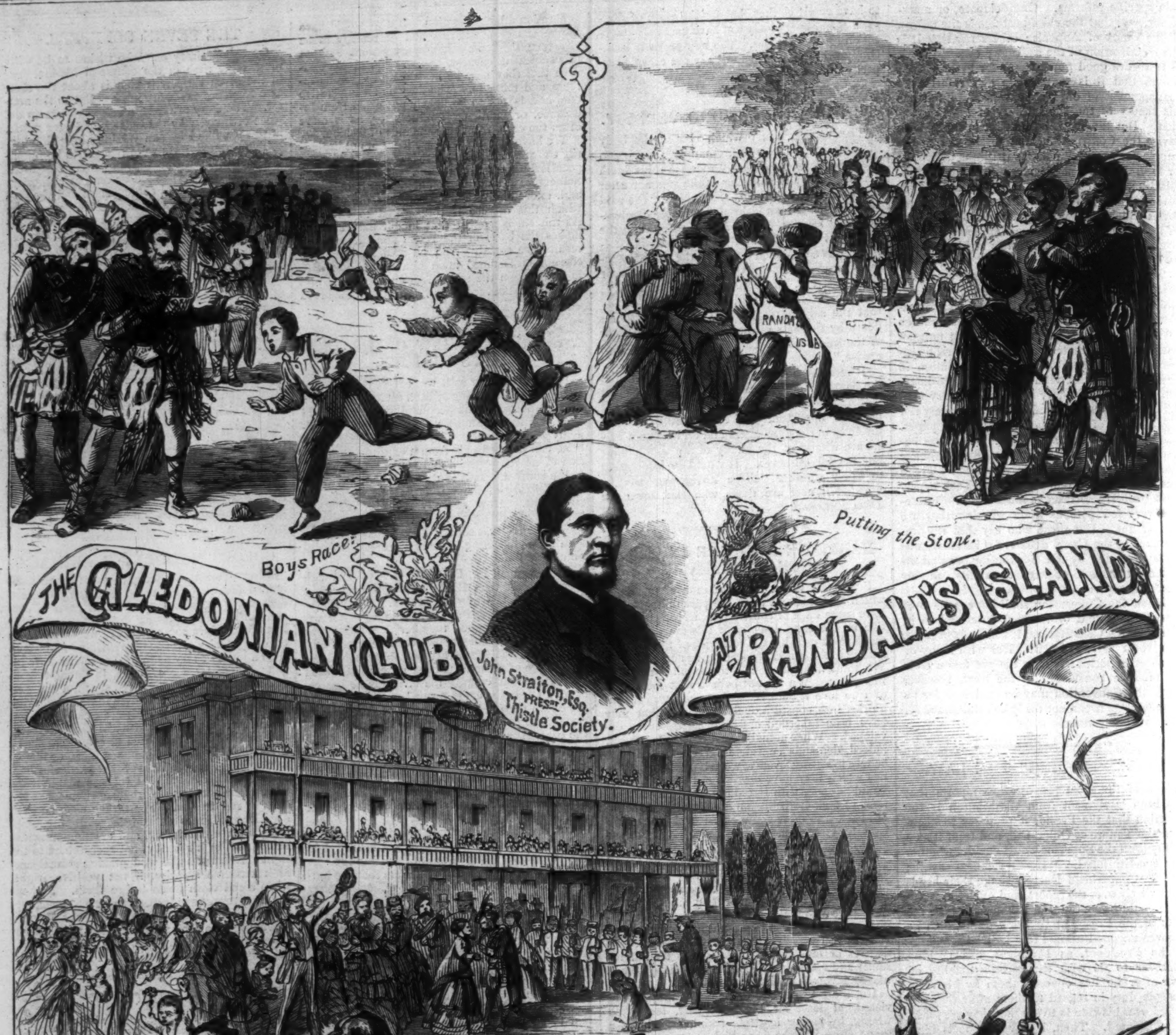
The great Democratic majority in Pennsylvania had dwindled on October 19 to less than one thousand, and was finally officially announced at 922.

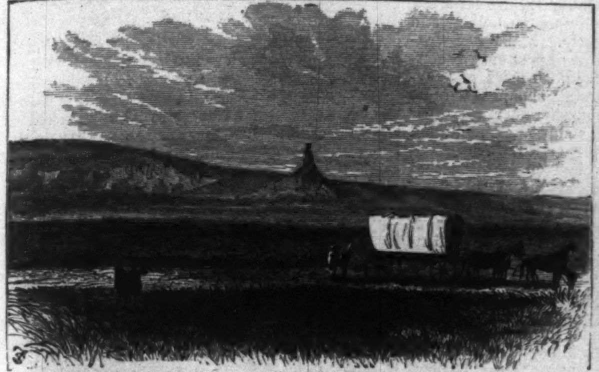
The Republican majority in the late election in Iowa is ten thousand greater than in that of 1866.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the leading Democratic paper of the West, nominates George H. Pendleton as a candidate for the Presidency.

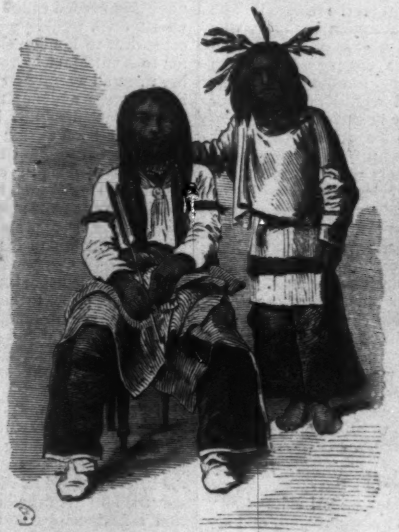
FOREIGN NEWS.

Napoleon appears determined to interfere in the Roman question. This step was decided upon at a special session of the Council of State on October 16. A few days subsequently France called upon Italy to enforce the September Convention, and the fleet of France was put under sailing orders. About the same time a French pamphlet, attributed to "a great personage," was published in Paris. It foreshadowed a general European war, by which the treaties of 1815 were to be obliterated and the frontiers of France rectified. The Papal insurgents have meantime been pushing toward Rome; and twelve thousand of the inhabitants of the city have petitioned the Pope to admit the Italian troops without further opposition.

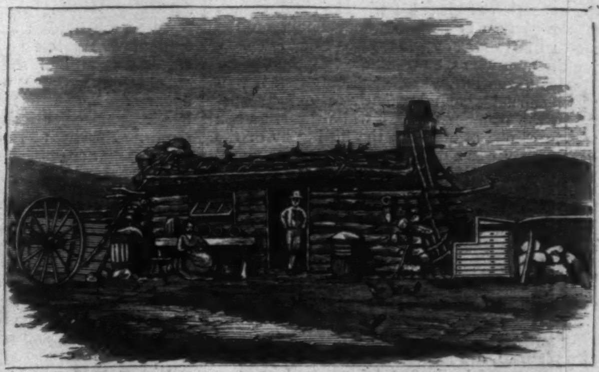

THE CALEDONIAN CLUB AT RANDALL'S ISLAND.
Boys Race.
Putting the Stone.
John Straiton, Esq. PRESDT Thistle Society.
RANDALL'S
Girls Race.
Cavalry Tactics.
Distributing Candies.
Highland Fling.



CHIMNEY ROCK, ON THE NORTH PLATTE RIVER.



UTE INDIANS OF UTAH.



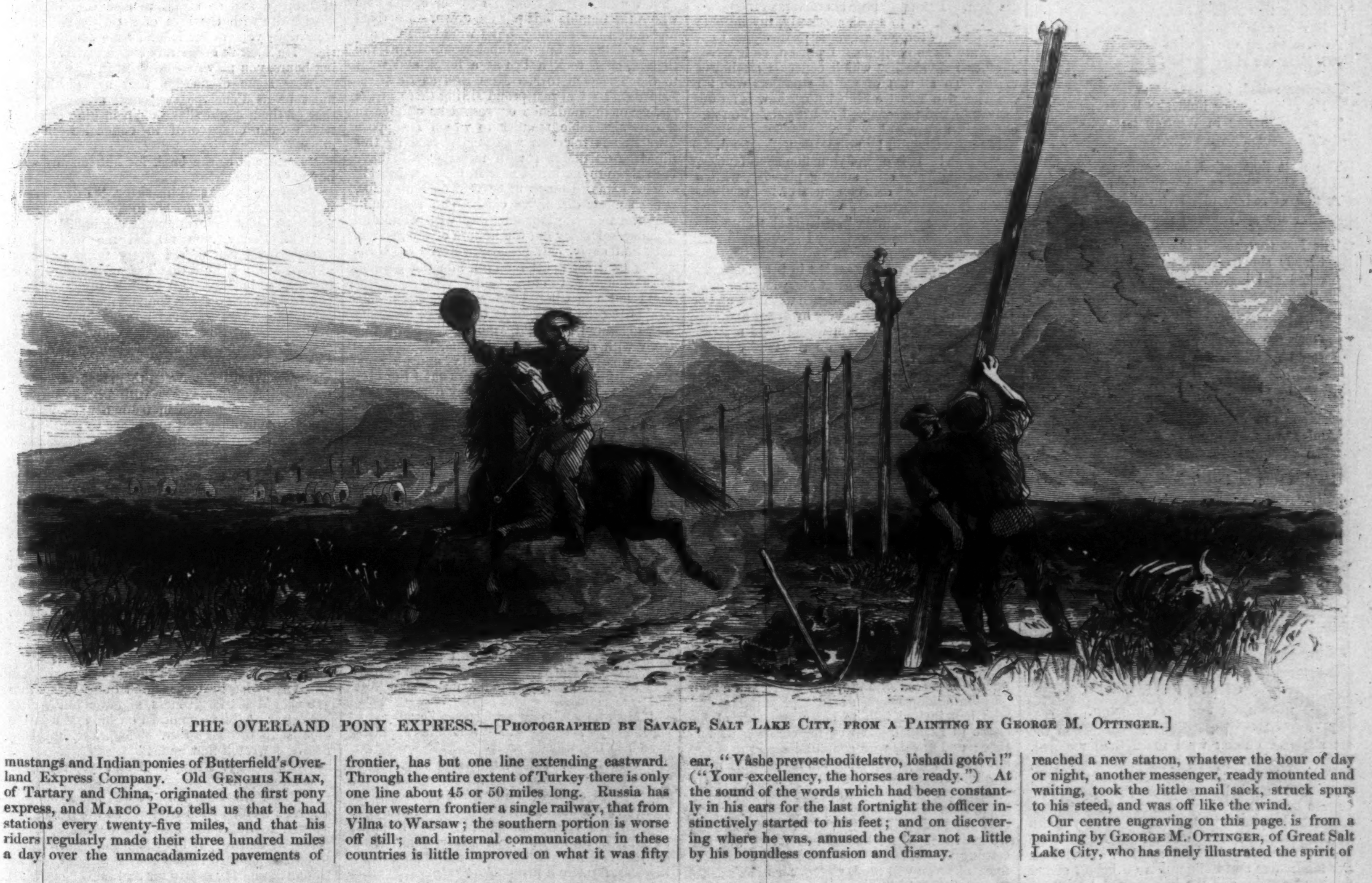
OVERLAND PONY EXPRESS STATION AT CHEESE CREEK, NEBRASKA.

THE OVERLAND PONY EXPRESS.

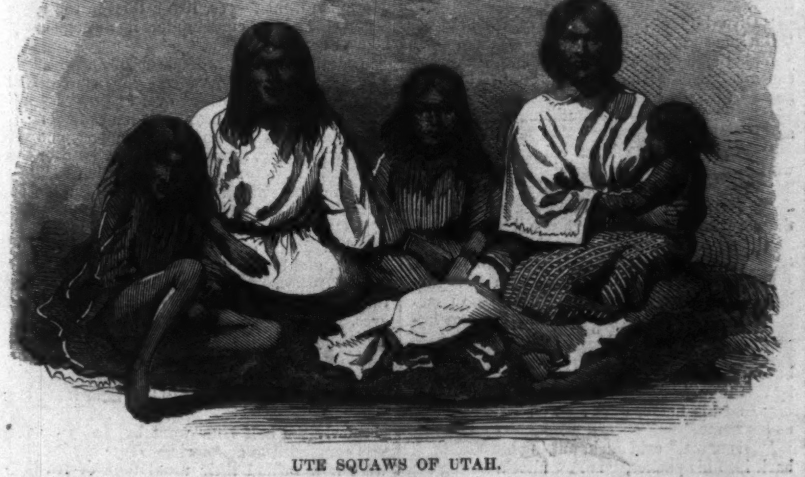
LESS than ten years ago the "Pony Express" was new to this continent, though not to the Old World. Its use there has not been forgotten or abandoned; but its day is already nearly ended with us. It came into existence here as the forerunner of the telegraph and the railroad: it is still used in the old countries in default of these more rapid means of communication and transportation. Three years after the pony first began to run express in America the harnessed lightning distanced him on his own track; and the decade will have hardly expired before the "iron horse" will have entirely superseded the Mexican mustangs and Indian ponies of Butterfield's Overland Express Company. Old **GENGHIS KHAN**, of Tartary and China, originated the first pony express, and **MARCO POLO** tells us that he had stations every twenty-five miles, and that his riders regularly made their three hundred miles a day over the unmacadamized pavements of Toorkistan and Thibet; and the same system is used to this day not only within Chinese walls, but even in European Russia and Austria, and even in enlightened, liberalized Prussia. We of young and vigorous America, who have nearly if not quite 40,000 miles of railways in actual operation, find it difficult to understand that the old countries of Russia, Austria, and Turkey are comparatively without such means of communication. Austria, though moderatelv provided along her western frontier, has but one line extending eastward. Through the entire extent of Turkey there is only one line about 45 or 50 miles long. Russia has on her western frontier a single railway, that from Vilna to Warsaw; the southern portion is worse off still; and internal communication in these countries is little improved on what it was fifty years ago. There is a story which well exemplifies the need of railways in Southern Russia. During the Crimean War, an officer came before the Czar **NICHOLAS** with important dispatches from Sevastopol. So exhausted was the messenger with incessant sledge-traveling for many days and nights together that he dropped into a heavy sleep in the Imperial presence. The emperor spoke to him, touched him, shook him—all in vain; at last he bent down and shouted in the sleeper's ear, "Vâshe prevoschoditelstvo, lôshadi gotôvi!" ("Your excellency, the horses are ready.") At the sound of the words which had been constantly in his ears for the last fortnight the officer instinctively started to his feet; and on discovering where he was, amused the Czar not a little by his boundless confusion and dismay.

The Overland Pony Express from the Missouri to the Pacific was established in 1859, and from its first inauguration was splendidly run, sometimes carrying letters from Atchison, Kansas, to Sacramento, California, a distance of about 2000 miles, in eight days—that is, averaging two hundred and fifty miles per day. Once important dispatches—election news, of course—were carried from Saint Joseph's, Missouri, to Denver City, Colorado, 625 miles, in sixty-nine hours; the last ten miles being made in thirty-one minutes. The posts were originally 25 miles apart, and the steeds employed were the small, fleet, hardy Indian horses. The rider kept his pony on the full run, and when he reached a new station, whatever the hour of day or night, another messenger, ready mounted and waiting, took the little mail sack, struck spurs to his steed, and was off like the wind.

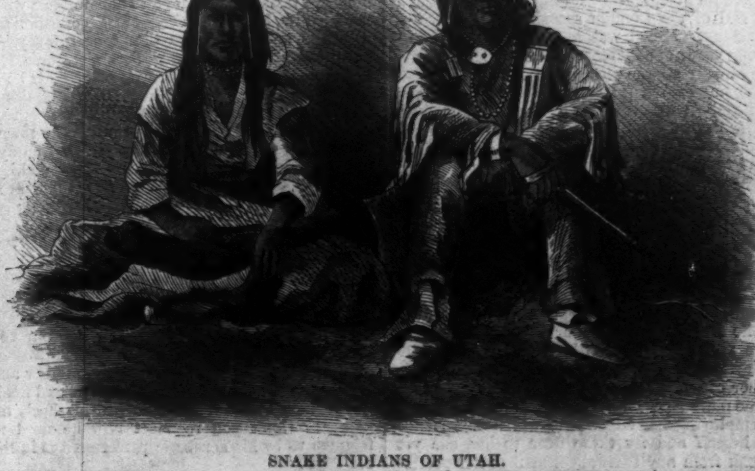
Our centre engraving on this page is from a painting by **GEORGE M. OTTINGER**, of Great Salt Lake City, who has finely illustrated the spirit of



THE OVERLAND PONY EXPRESS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SAVAGE, SALT LAKE CITY, FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE M. OTTINGER.]



UTE SQUAWS OF UTAH.



SNAKE INDIANS OF UTAH.

this age and this people in both the choice and the execution of his subject. The chosen scene of the picture is near Chimney Rock, on the North Platte River; the express rider is cheering the men who are raising the telegraph-poles. It adds to the interest of the picture that it represents an actual and frequently-recurring scene, as, in the summer of 1862 while the telegraph was in course of erection, the flitting by of the express boy was a daily sensation for the workmen.

The other illustrations surrounding this suggestive picture may be said to be scenes and persons with whom the express rider and his pony are intimately acquainted. "Chimney Rock," the same as that indistinctly seen in the back-ground of the large picture, is a curious sandstone formation near the North Platte River; and is now fast decaying, and, as it were, "chipping away." The Ute Indians, of whom we give two pictures, are located near Salt Lake City—a small peaceful tribe fast dying out. The same may be said of the Snake Indians, whom we also illustrate. We give also one of the abandoned overland stations in Nebraska. The railroad already extends beyond Cheese Creek, on which this station is located, and the station is therefore abandoned as "a thing of the past."

We are indebted for the original photographs of these several engravings to Messrs. SAVAGE & OTTINGER, photographers, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

SEA VENTURES.

I STOOD and watched my ships go out
Each one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbor fill'd
With flood tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy,
She spread a smooth, white, ample sail;
And eastward drove with bending spars
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope,
No cargo in her hold she bore:
Thinking to find in Western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love,
She showed a red flag at the mast—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped South right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith,
Slowly she took her passage forth;
Tacked and lay-to: at last she steered
A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships they sailed away,
Over the shimmering summer sea,
I stood at watch for many a day—
But *one* came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain—
Hope ran upon a hidden reef—
And Love took fire and foundered fast
In whelming seas of Grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,
She recompensed me all my loss;
For as a cargo safe she brought
A Crown linked to a Cross.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book VI.

CHAPTER I.

HOW JACK FOUND A PATRON.

MABEL'S brightest dreams of success in the art she had chosen were more than realized. The second character she appeared in—Beatrice, in Much Ado About Nothing—charmed the town. Juliet had afforded no scope for the display of a certain buoyant playfulness of manner which belonged to her, and which robbed the saucy sallies of the brilliant Beatrice of all bitterness while preserving their point and sparkle. And then her tenderness and indignation on behalf of her wronged cousin, and the half tearful, half fiery, wholly womanly and passionate manner in which the famous "Kill Claudio!" was delivered, were pronounced by the critics to be quite admirable. Mr. Alaric Allen was in high content. His theatre was crowded nightly; and the audiences showed no symptoms of falling off, even though the end of the London season was rapidly approaching. Mabel was re-engaged for the following year at an increased salary. Her income was already a large one.

"I am growing quite a rich woman, mamma!" said Mabel; and then she gave a little sigh.

Her life outside the theatre was quiet and uneventful. She and her mother and Dooley lived in as retired a manner in the pretty cottage at Highgate as though Miss Bell, the brilliant actress, the idol of the public, the magnet that attracted admiring crowds to the Royal Thespian Theatre night after night, were a personage utterly unknown to them. Opportunities were not wanting, had she been minded to avail herself of them, of shining in society as the lion of the season, the latest novelty, the spoiled child of the public for the passing hour; but Mabel would have none of this. Without any romantically high-flown notions as to the exalted character of her art, and regarding it chiefly, as she did, in the matter-of-fact light of an honorable means of employing her faculties to win a subsistence for herself and for those dear to her, she yet shrank from any such abasement of her profession as would have been involved in the acceptance of many of the invitations she received. She resented the implied assumption that she, who amused vacant fine ladies and gentlemen, and cheated them into some fleeting ghost of an emotion on the stage, would be flattered by the honor of being permitted to gratify their more or less impertinent curiosity in their own drawing-rooms. Not that there were wanting kind words and pleasant encouragement from many persons whose rank was their least title to respect and honor; or still more precious opportunities of seeing and conversing with men and women illustrious in literature and art, the mere mention of whose names had made Mabel's pulse beat high in the days of her early girlhood, and had conjured up a crowd of deathless images. Still, on the whole, Mabel saw but little of the small great world of London that came to gaze at her, and criticise her, and admire her from its cushioned stalls.

"It is very odd to me, Mabel," said Mrs. Saxelby, one day to her daughter, "that you don't seem to be a bit less shy than you were at fifteen. Nay, upon my word, I think you are absolutely more shy now than you were then!"

"I think I absolutely am, mamma. But why does that seem so very odd to you?"

"Why? Good gracious, Mabel! is it *not* very odd? You, so admired and successful, and accustomed to be the cynosure of all eyes for so many hours night after night, is it *not* very odd that you should shrink from strangers like a bashful school-girl? To me it is incomprehensible, I confess."

"But, mamma, do you not see that it is not me, not my very self, whom those eyes are gazing at in the theatre?"

"Not you? What nonsense, my love!"

"No, mamma. It is Juliet, or Beatrice, or Imogen. I assume those characters of the poet's imagination, or, to speak modestly, my humble conception of those characters, precisely as I assume my stage costume. I put on, as it were, another individuality which conceals *me* like a mask. To all that crowd of strangers who fill the Thespian Theatre Mabel Earnshaw is an utterly unknown personage, I assure you. You understand, mamma?"

Mrs. Saxelby did by no means understand.

"Umph! It is one of your fine-spun fancies, my darling," she said, smiling placidly, with a little self-satisfied consciousness of her own superior common-sense.

"Perhaps so, mamma," said Mabel, "but without some such fine-spun fancy I should never set my foot on the stage again."

It must not be supposed that in her prosperity Mabel was neglectful of Aunt Mary and her family. A constant correspondence was kept up between them, conducted chiefly by Janet and Mabel, although Mrs. Walton would send a letter now and then containing all the family news, and Mrs. Saxelby occasionally covered an elegant monogram-surmounted sheet of paper with her delicate lady-like handwriting, which looked so singularly clear and regular, and was so provokingly difficult to decipher. The news from Dublin was extremely good. Polly and her husband were prospering greatly. Carlo Bensa had been made conductor of a society for the cultivation of vocal part-music, and had almost more teaching than he could manage. Uncle John was permanently engaged as a contributor to the scientific journal which had already accepted some of his papers on chemistry. Janet, as of old, was her father's faithful indefatigable amanuensis. But of Jack's prospects the accounts were positively brilliant. He had been painting and studying industriously, and, with such good results, that he intended to send a picture to the Academy next year. But this was not all; he had found a patron!—a patron who praised his pictures, and, moreover, *bought* them at a liberal price!—a patron who prophesied for Jack a high position among English landscape painters, and who had invited him to come and stay at his house in London. It was incredible good fortune; and Janet, who communicated the pleasant tidings, departed from the usual sober moderation that characterized her style to dilate upon the success which seemed at last about to crown her brother's cheerful steady perseverance. "And only think, dear Mabel," she wrote, "to whom we are indebted for having introduced this discerning person (*we* think him a miracle of acumen, and you will think so too, for Jack's sake) to our family! To dear old Captain Duff, in whose ship you came across to Ireland! Jack's Mecænas is a brother-in-law of the captain's, and a Scotchman like himself. He lives in London, and is in some trade or business there, and has plenty of money. But, what is better, he has the good taste to cultivate an acquaintance with the fine arts, has a well-chosen little collection of paintings, and is reckoned—Captain Duff says—a very competent judge of modern pictures. He is delighted with Jack's efforts, so he *must* be a competent judge, mustn't he? The first thing that struck him in Jack's port-folio was that pretty view on the river Clare, just above the town. I remember your telling me that you were studying Ophelia that morning while Jack was making his sketch. Have you forgotten? He bought it immediately, and gave Jack a commission for an oil painting; and what do you think Jack did when Captain Duff and his brother-in-law were gone? He is looking over my shoulder and says I must not tell you, but I will, to let you see that he is just the same harum-scarum Jack that you and I remember when we were children. Well, Mabel, the door had scarcely closed on our visitors when Jack came rushing up to the drawing-room, three stairs at a time, hugged mother and me frantically, danced round the table, and finally stood on his head and knocked his heels together! Don't you recollect how he used to frighten us by his acrobatic performances in the old days?"

The letter went on to say that, his services not being needed at the Dublin theatre for a few weeks, Jack would probably take a holiday and come over to London shortly. Mabel had written to Aunt Mary by return of post congratulating them all warmly on the good news, and saying that she and her mother should feel quite hurt if Jack installed himself under any other roof than theirs during his stay in London, and that his room should be prepared forthwith.

Dooley was highly excited on learning that "Cousin Dack" was expected, and set about making various arrangements for his entertainment—such as appropriating a certain number of square inches in his own particular garden-bed to Jack's use, and giving up his best wooden spade to the expected guest. He also collected together a perfect menagerie of legless, headless, and otherwise mutilated wooden animals, which Jack was to mend and paint into renewed beauty. "Dack may have my nine-pins to play wis. Do 'oo sink Dack likes nine-pins?" said Dooley, with much earnestness, and was greatly gratified on being assured that Jack would doubtless derive exquisite enjoyment from that amusing game. At length one morning a ring was heard at the garden-gate of Desmond Lodge, Highgate, and Jack, carrying his modest valise in his hand, was ushered into the little hall. His cousin received him affectionately, and Mrs. Saxelby with the soft gracious urbanity that became her so well.

"Dear old Jack!" cried Mabel, holding both his hands, "the sight of your bright pleasant face is gude for sair een, as Captain Duff would say."

"But how did you come? Where is your luggage?" asked Mrs. Saxelby, with the very slightest flavor of patronage in her tone.

"My luggage? Oh, that little valise in the hall constitutes my 'luggage,' Mrs. Saxelby. And I walked here from the corner of the lane where the humble 'bus put me down. I arrived in London last evening, but I would not disturb you so late. I knew Mabel would be at the theatre, so I took a bed at a hotel, and went to the Thespian to see Miss Bell as Beatrice. And didn't I feel just proud sitting there in the pit, when the audience expressed its opinion in the unmistakable manner to which I suppose Miss Bell is tolerably well accustomed by this time! And didn't I wish mother could have been there to see it and hear it, bless her heart!"

There was so much to be told on both sides, and so many discursive episodes in their talk, that the morning slipped away with wonderful rapidity. Dooley did the honors of the garden, and, half shyly, half proudly, showed Jack the arable land set apart for him, and the garden-tools wherewith to cultivate it.

"I tell you what, Dooley," said Jack, contemplating the little bed of earth with a gravity that delighted the child, who watched him furtively with sidelong, wistful looks, "I tell you what, this is a light soil, I fancy, and we must grow mustard-and-cress on it. That's the crop adapted to flourish here, you may depend."

Then the invalid menagerie was passed in review, and marvels in the way of surgery were effected. Jack produced a color-box from the valise, and touched up horses, lions, camels, and cows, in a very striking manner. Dooley's favorite white charger was ornamented with sky-blue eyes and a rose-colored mane and tail; and Dooley himself—in his zealous co-operation—bedaubed his hands and pinafore with all the hues of the rainbow.

At dinner, Jack announced his intention of calling on his new friend and patron that evening.

"And I shall have to go and stay at his place for a day or so," said he. "The old gentleman took a wonderful fancy to me, and made me promise to be his guest if ever I came to London. Only, when you were kind enough to write and say that you expected me to make your house my home—"

"Most happy," murmured Mrs. Saxelby.

"Though it seems almost a shame to quarter myself in this way—"

"Why, Jack!" exclaimed Mabel, with heightened color, "what are you talking about? We were 'kind enough,' and 'a shame to quarter yourself!' I didn't think you could have been so unkind. Where should Aunt Mary's son be at home if not here? Aunt Mary, who fed me and clothed me and sheltered me when I was a helpless, fatherless little child!"

Mrs. Saxelby put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Mabel," said Jack, simply.

Dooley had laid down his little knife and fork, and was contemplating the scene attentively.

"Dive him a tiss, Tibby," said he, softly. "Dack *is* sorry, isn't 'oo, Dack?"

Mabel smilingly bent forward and kissed her cousin's forehead; and Dooley resumed his dinner with a good appetite.

"And where does this gentleman live, Jack?" asked Mabel.

"Why—it's the oddest coincidence in the world—but he must be a neighbor of yours."

"A neighbor of ours? Really!"

"Yes; stay, here is his address. The Hawthorns, Desmond Lane, Highgate."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, "that is the pretty house over the way, Mabel. I know it well. I used to see a tall thin man, with iron-gray hair, going down the lane toward London punctually at nine o'clock every morning. But latterly I have missed him."

"Yes; because he has been in Dublin on business. But he was to be in England again by this time."

"And his name, Jack? You have not told us his name."

"His name," said Jack, putting his note-book back into his pocket, "is M'Culloch."

CHAPTER II.

SEEKING.

PENELOPE had been stirring so early that it was not yet eight o'clock when Clement went up to his brother's room, resolved to break to him the project of sending him abroad, and prepared for a very painful interview. He knocked at the door. There was no answer, and trying the handle it yielded at his touch, and he entered. The room was empty. The bed had been slept in, but was now untenanted, and some of Walter's clothes were scattered about the floor. Clement ran down stairs again hastily.

"Penny!" he cried, "Penny, Walter is gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"He is not in his room. The bed is empty, and the door open. Come and see!"

They searched through the house—not a long process at De Montfort villas—but no Walter was to be found. And, finally, the little servant-of-all-work, with the rapid intelligence peculiar to her class, volunteered the statement that she thought Mr. Walter must be gone to the bank, for that she had see'd him a-walking down the road to the place where the 'buses went from as she was a-coming to her work that morning.

"Why in the world did you not say so at once, Ann?" demanded Miss Charlewood, sharply.

To which query Ann's only response was a grimace compounded of a grin and a gasp, and expressive of such utter vacuity of mind that Penelope felt it to be useless to say more to her.

"It is odd, his going off in that manner?" said Clement. "It makes me uneasy."

"My impression is," observed Penny, "that on awaking this morning, and remembering the scene of last night, he felt so thoroughly ashamed of himself, and so afraid to face you, that he stole away with the idea of avoiding an interview until your anger should have cooled a little. He'll sneak home this evening after banking hours, you may depend upon it."

After some discussion, they agreed that it must be as Penelope supposed, although neither of them could shake off a lurking anxiety which each endeavored to conceal from the other.

"I will call at the bank for him on my way home," said Clement.

"For my part," said his sister, "I dread seeing mamma. What *are* we to say to her? And she must know the truth, must she not?"

"Oh, Penny, you remind me well—this wretchedness has driven every thing else out of my head. I think that I promised to call for my mother in Mayfair. I think, my dear, that you had better go there yourself and accompany her home. You need say nothing in Augusta's presence about this business. Only break it to mother on your way back. I shall have Walter on my hands."

So it was settled between them; and Clement betook himself to his office with a heavy heart.

Penelope's task was in truth a most painful one. Her brother had urged her to spare their mother as much as might be, and indeed she herself desired to be merciful if it were in any way possible to be so. But strong indignation fought with pity in her breast, and it required all her self-command to avoid reproaching her mother for the part she had played. The only vent she allowed to her feelings, however, was to abuse Walter, and this she did in no measured terms. Poor Mrs. Charlewood wept and moaned, and hid her face in her handkerchief, and confessed her own fault, and tried to palliate Walter's, all in a very piteous and humble manner.

"Don't ask pardon of *me*, mamma," said Penelope. "It is Clement, your good, true, noble son Clement, that you should ask forgiveness of. Or, at least—I—I—don't quite mean that *you* should ask forgiveness, mamma, but Walter—Walter ought to go down on his knees in the dust at his brother's feet. Thankless, hopeless, heartless wretch that he is!"

"Oh, Penny, Penny! Don't ye, my love. *Don't* ye say so!"

"But I must say so. It was not enough to disgrace us all by his conduct at the bank; not enough to drain his brother's pocket of every penny he had to pay his vile debts; not enough to pursue his own selfish course without one instant's thought or regard for his family; but when all was generously forgiven, when Clement had screened him, and saved him, and brought him home, and Walter had given his solemn word of honor—*his* honor!—to reform, and reward his brother's kindness and affection, he gets a false key to the door, and comes stealing into the house like a thief—yes, like a thief in the night—and acts a base, contemptible lie through every hour of the twenty-four."

And still Mrs. Charlewood sobbed and moaned, and cried, plaintively, "Don't ye, Penny. Oh, *don't* ye say so, my love!" over and over again.

As the time drew near for Clement's return, the mother and daughter grew quieter, and sat silently listening, full of nervous anxiety, for the expected footsteps. The unfinished street they dwelt in was seldom disturbed by the noise of wheels, and very few foot-passengers frequented it. Clement's quick, decided tread could be heard distinctly on the gravel. The sun began to sink, and burnished the parlor-window where Mrs. Charlewood and her daughter sat, making the former shrink and shade her tear-swollen eyes.

"They're late," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Not very, mamma," replied Penelope, instinctively adopting the same subdued tone. "I have known them to be a full half hour later than this."

Slowly the half hour went by, and Penelope was compelled to acknowledge that her brothers were now behind their usual time of reaching home. "Clem has the agreeable task to go through of telling a few stern truths to Mr. Walter Charlewood. That is detaining him. Poor Clem!"

Mrs. Charlewood's lips framed "Don't ye, my dear," but she uttered no sound. At length a noise of footsteps was heard approaching. They listened. Nearer and nearer came the tread.

"There's only one person!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood, trembling violently. "Only one!"

Penelope started up and ran to the street-door.

Clement stood there alone. Penelope turned deadly pale at sight of his face. "Where's Walter?" she asked, with a strained assumption of her old hard manner, though her voice shook. "I suppose he refuses to return home at all now. That is the latest thing!"

Clement came into the passage and closed the door behind him. "Walter is not at the bank," he said; "has not been there all day. I have made inquiries at every place I could think of where they were likely to know any thing of him. I went to his old lodgings near the Strand. All in vain. I do not know where he is."

"Clement!"

"Hush! Is mother there? I am going out again to search for him. But I thought I would come home first, or you would both be so alarmed at my prolonged absence."

The brother and sister entered the parlor together, and confronted Mrs. Charlewood standing opposite to the door. She was not crying now. Her face looked stern, almost menacing, as she fixed her eyes upon Clement.

"Where's my boy?" she asked, harshly.

"Mother dear, I have been seeking for him. He is playing us some trick. He will come home to-night—"

"Find my boy, Clement. Bring me my boy. Whatever he may be to others he's the child of my bosom, my latest born, the darling of your dead father. If any 'arm befalls him you're answerable. Your cruelty has driven him away. Find my boy, I say, or woe be to you."

She seized her son's shoulder roughly as she spoke. Clement took her hand and passed one arm gently round her. "Mother, dear mother," he said, soothingly, "try to calm yourself. There is no cause for fear, please God. I will not rest night or day until I bring you your boy again."

The poor woman melted into tears, and fell sobbing on his breast. "Oh, forgive me, my son, my own good son!" she cried; "I'm a foolish, wicked woman to speak so to you. But oh, Clem, you'll find my boy, won't you? You *will* bring me my boy!"

Clement went forth again, and returned late at night, still without his brother. He had not been seen or heard of in any of his accustomed haunts. "He may still return to-night," said Penelope. "It may be simply bravado, to show that he will not be controlled." They watched and waited until the gray dawned in the sky, but there came no tidings.

The next morning Clement went straight to his office. It was yet so early that there was no one there except an old woman employed in sweeping and dusting. Mr. M'Culloch, who had been absent from town, was expected back that morning. Clement left a note for him, excusing himself from attendance at the office that day, and also a few written instructions to the subordinate clerks. As he went out he saw the morning's letters lying on a desk. Among them was one directed in the handwriting of his anonymous enemy. He started as though he had been stung, and turned away his head. Then he stood a moment in the street, irresolute which way to direct his course. "I will try his old place once more," he said. "Some of his companions may be known there." And he went rapidly toward the dingy-lodging house in the Strand. The slatternly servant—whose tenure of office had been unprecedentedly long—was still there, but had given notice, and would leave to-morrow. She took care to inform Clement of this fact before she answered one of his inquiries, and added, superfluously enough, that mines of gold should not tempt her to remain another day.

"And you have not seen or heard any thing of Mr. Charlewood since he left these lodgings?" asked Clement.

"Nothink at all, Sir. Left 'em! Ah, an' I should like to know who'd stop in 'em as could provide theirselves otherways? I wonder as the rats an' mice and the very black-beetles doesn't go, I do." The slatternly servant was evidently under a strong sense of injury, and rubbed the hearth-stone with which she was cleaning the door-step round and round as if she found some relief to her feelings in grinding it down spitefully.

"Then you can tell me nothing? I am very, very sorry. We are in great trouble respecting my brother at home, and I should have been grateful for any information that might enable us to find him."

Clement had touched the right chord. The girl looked up with a ray of sympathy in her coarse face.

"In trouble, Sir, are you? Law, now, I'm sure I'm very sorry, and if I knowed anythink I'd tell you in a minute. Oh my!" she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, clapping her hands together, "I wonder if she could give any information?"

"Who? Who, my good girl? For God's sake tell me at once!"

"Well, Sir, it's a party as comes here sometimes to see a dress-maker as lodges in our attics. She bounced a good bit about knowing your famaly one day when she see you on the stairs. Not as I swallows quite everythink as she says, Sir. But she's been here once or twice since your brother left, and allus talks as if she was quite intimate like with all on you."

"Met me on the stairs here? Do you mean a woman named Hutchins?"

"Yes, Sir. That's her. But as true as I'm here, I can't tell you where to find her, so it ain't much use after all!"

"I happen to know her address," said Clement, remembering his encounter with Corda. "But it is incredible that *she* should have any knowledge of my brother's whereabouts. However, it is a chance, and I'll try it. Thanks, my good girl."

He offered to slip a shilling into her hand, but she drew back and shook her head.

"I couldn't, indeed, Sir, thank you all the same. I've got brothers and sisters of my own, and I couldn't do it, Sir. I'm a going to the Eating 'Ouse next door, and if any time as you was passing you'd jist ask for Sarah and let me know as it was all right about young Mr. Charlewood, I should take it kind. He was a pleasant-spoken young gentleman."

Clement set off for that poor region he had traversed so recently in Miss Fluke's sweet society. He easily found the street, but it was a long one, and all the squalid little dwellings resembled one another. "I haven't the least idea of the number," said Clement to himself, and stood gazing about him. A door opened on the opposite side of the way, and a tall, round-shouldered man, with a paper cap on his head, and carrying a basket of tools, came out of it. "Come," thought Clement, "I owe Miss Fluke something. If she had not insisted in such an impressive manner that she knew that man's face, I should not have recollected it so distinctly. But that is Miss Fluke's acquaintance without doubt, and there is the house."

He crossed the street and knocked at the door. After some delay it was opened by Mrs. Hutchins herself in an unexampled condition of untidiness, who uttered a faint exclamation, and changed color when she saw Clement.

"Don't let me startle you," said Clement, looking at her keenly. "I have merely called to make a few inquiries of you."

Mrs. Hutchins stood with the door in her hand, and muttered something about not understanding what he meant.

"If you will allow me to come in for one moment I will explain to you."

"I don't know about coming in, I'm sure," she answered, sulkily. "My 'usband ain't partial to strange faces."

"Your husband is not at home; I have just seen him leave the house," said Clement, making a guess.

"Well, an' if he is not at home! I suppose you don't think it shows a manly 'art to come and try to frighten one of the soft sex with your 'inquiries,' do you?"

"My good woman, you are strangely ill-humored. One would think you had done something to be ashamed of, you are so alarmed at the idea of an inquiry!"

Mrs. Hutchins's face grew visibly pale through the dirt that obscured it. "I—I—meant no offense, Sir," she stammered, whiningly.

"Very well. Since, however, you will not allow me to come into your house, I must ask what I have to ask on the door-step. I have some reason to suppose it possible that you may know where my brother, Mr. Walter Charlewood, is staying at present. I—I have mislaid his address," pursued Clement, with a sudden instinctive mistrust of the false face before him, "and I wish particularly to communicate with him without delay."

Mrs. Hutchins looked at him curiously, with her head on one side. "Oh," she said, slowly, "was *that* what you wanted to make inquiries about?"

"Yes; and I tell you plainly, that if you can give me any information—and I shrewdly suspect by your manner that you can—you had best do so at once."

"Had I really?" she returned, with rapidly returning self-possession. "And supposing I *can't* give you no information, what then, Mr. Charlewood?"

"Then I must seek it elsewhere. But you won't refuse to tell me where my brother is, if you know. It is very important that I should find him."

Mrs. Hutchins threw the door wide open, and pointed into the house as she had seen the indignant heroine do at a minor theatre. Any one who labors under the delusion that affectation is the exclusive property of fine ladies and gentlemen, would have been undeceived on beholding Mrs. Hutchins's behavior. She turned her eyes on Clement with an expression of languid scorn.

"Search my 'ouse," she said, loftily; "cry 'avoc on my very 'arthstone. Never blench, Mr. Charlewood. I am pore and lowly, and of course 'ave a right to be insulted."

"You foolish woman, I have no thought of insulting you. If you know where my brother is, say so in Heaven's name, without more ado. If not, it is useless to waste my time here any longer."

"Sir, I may be a foolish woman—thanking you for the compliment—but I do *not* know where your brother has betook himself to. How *should* I know? I'll ask you that, Mr. Charlewood, and doubtless in your superior wisdom you will frame a answer!"

"How should you know, indeed?" said Clement, with a sigh. "I came here on a forlorn hope, and God knows I can not tell where to turn to next." He walked away despondently, and quite insensible to Mrs. Hutchins's parting shot.

"Returning your polite salutes, Sir, and don't mention the trouble you've gave, I beg!"

The woman watched him with an evil smile on her face. "Who sent him here, I wonder!" she said, pondering. "And how did he find me out? You're a nice genteel amiable gentleman, Mr. Clement Charlewood, and joy go with you, for a stuck-up, proud, overbearing, low-minded— Ah, but there, sprung up from the kennel, and what can we expect! It ain't the money as does it. In his rich days he was always a low, plodding, vulgar fellow, and never took no notice of me in my own house. While for heighth and poetry look at Alf! But it ain't," added Mrs. Hutchins, with modest candor, "it ain't every one as has my fine feelin's. I can't abear lowness. Nor yet meanness."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A story is circulating in various newspapers throughout the country, which, if true, *ought not* to be true, and if false should be corrected for the credit of public charities of New York city. We give the story, in substance, as it has appeared in the journals of the day; and we have seen no explanation of it, although we can but believe there is a mistake somewhere: "A poor woman, whose husband was killed in the war, accompanied by two children, recently applied to the Commissioners of Charities in New York city to have her children taken care of until she could earn enough to provide a home for them. She was refused all assistance unless she could pay $5 for each child; and the poor mother, without a penny in the world to keep herself and children from starvation, heart-sore and despondent in soul, could obtain no aid except from the more charitable police authorities who relieved her immediate wants."

Just at this time it will interest the public to know something definite in regard to the property left by our late President Lincoln. The Springfield (Illinois) *Journal* has published an inventory of his estate, signed by Judge Davis, the administrator, which is, of course, the only authoritative method of placing the facts before the public. The amount invested in United States bonds and securities on November 29, 1866, was $79,482 70. Notes for various amounts, with the $25,000 given by Congress on account of President Lincoln's salary, make the total value of the personal estate about *one hundred and ten thousand dollars*. This is independent of real estate in Illinois and Iowa. This simple statement shows that Abraham Lincoln did not leave his family in the deplorable condition of "want" and "destitution" in regard to which such astonishing revelations have recently been made.

A comparison between the prices of staple articles of food in New York, Philadelphia, Paris, London, Berlin, and other prominent cities, indicates that New York is the most expensive in this respect of any city in the world. This great misfortune is due to the fact that the food itself comes to the consumer through so many dealers, all of whom make their profits.

During the disastrous prevalence of the yellow-fever at New Orleans, about sixty workmen have been employed in laying street pavement there, working all day amidst the fumes of tar. No one of them, it is said, has taken the fever.

A German in Chicago recently married a Norwegian bride. He knows nothing of the dialect of his wife, and she knows nothing of the dialect of her husband. Not much chance for disputes in that family.

A Portland paper illustrates the Copperhead campaign by the following anecdote: Old Captain S—— of Nantucket was a perfect marine philosopher, and no amount of ill luck ever dampened his faith or good spirits. Coming into the harbor once, with an empty ship, after a three years' cruise, he was boarded by a townsman, who inquired: "Wa'al, cap'n, how many bar'ls? Had a good v'yage?" "No," responded the skipper, "I hain't got a bar'l of ile aboard; but"—rubbing his horny palms with satisfaction, while his hard features relaxed into a smile—"*I've had a mighty good sail.*"

A birch bark canoe is on exhibition at the old arsenal in the Central Park. It was presented by the proprietors of the Memphemagog House, Newport, Vermont, and was built this summer by some Indians from St. Francis, Canada, of an entire sheet of bark, sixteen feet long by four feet wide.

Benjamin Franklin is a candidate for Senator in Winona, Minnesota. A Republican paper says that "the people of Winona County will send him a great deal higher, figuratively speaking, than the kite which his illustrious namesake used to draw the lightning from the clouds."

A resident of Brattleborough, Vermont, is in mourning for a daughter who died a few days since at the age of 80. The old lady is only 97, and retains her faculties and her interest in current events to a remarkable degree. At the age of 22—seventy-five years ago—she was left a widow with four children.

Not long ago a young man was arrested in New Haven on the Sabbath for being intoxicated. Whether he offered the usual pleas for release in vain report doth not state. But finally he produced from his pocket a marriage-certificate, which he fondly hoped to make use of that very evening. The policeman was affected by this view of the case, and the expectant bridegroom was released, and directed to the residence of his waiting bride.

There are now in process of erection in the burnt district at Portland not less than two hundred buildings, including some fifty first-class stores and three hotels.

To the disgrace of Hoboken a church has been lately opened there which bases its creed on disbelief both in God and the Bible. It is said that the officiator at the inauguration remarked that the little edifice was to be the "mausoleum of Jehovah."

It is often said "there is nothing new under the sun." Many things seem to favor the truth of the proverb. A fire and burglar proof safe, which has been subjected to a volcanic eruption, has been discovered among the ruins of Pompeii, its contents uninjured. It very much resembles modern safes.

It may be conceded, we suppose, that a woman has a "right" to catch a thief if she can. About a week ago a Mrs. Wooding, in Woodbridge, Connecticut, on returning to her home after a short absence, saw a man with tools standing in front of her outside cellar-door. She, being a woman of nerve, went up to the door and looked in, when the form of another man, in the cellar, met her eye, and a second glance revealed the fact that he had some of her husband's garments upon his arm. She at once grappled with the thief, who, not relishing capture by a woman, made desperate efforts to get away. He clambered up the stairs and out into the yard, Mrs. Wooding retaining hold of him, at the same time calling vigorously for help. The confederate in the mean time stood looking on, apparently not knowing whether to go or stay. Help at last came, and the two thieves were secured.

They have a method of constructing railways in some parts of Germany which might suggest a valuable improvement in this country. The rail is made about nine inches high, with a broad, flat base, which rests on a well-prepared bed of ballast, and when properly placed is further supported by a layer of gravel. Thus constructed, the jerky motion of a train, occasioned by numerous cross-sleepers, is done away with; the hammering sound becomes a steady, continuous roar; the longitudinal bearing is distributed over a greater distance, and the need for repairs occurs but rarely.

Dr. Hall, while in the frigid regions, dines daily off of nine pounds of frozen meat to keep him warm. Whether the meat is thawed in the process of cooking is questionable.

The only way to form the habit of early rising is to jump out of bed the moment you awake. The man who hesitates when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no *turning over*.

A case of mistaken identity has been interesting both the press and the courts. The parties most concerned, however, are the New York *Evening Gazette*, and the New York *Evening Mail*.

Joseph Dion, billiard champion of America, has challenged John Roberts, the English champion, to play three games, English, French, and American, for ten thousand dollars in gold each and the championship of the world.

Webster says that butter is "an oily, unctuous substance obtained from cream or milk by churning." But recent investigations have shown that it "consists of the fragrance of green grass, the aroma of the mellifluous clover-fields, the exquisite nectar of new-mown hay, collected in glowing globules, like sparkling dew-drops on the petals of May roses, by fairy hands that are never soiled by dirt and offensive odors; and the delicious essence is impailed in an atmosphere as sweet and pure as ether, and wrapped in a napkin as clear as the unsullied snow-drift." This is an age of progress, and whether it is the genuine Websterian butter or not, we hope to obtain a supply of the above-named, elaborately-defined substance for winter use. We think the "exquisite nectar" might taste well on fresh bread.

A most singular freak of nature recently occurred in Illinois. About twelve years since a wealthy farmer in the vicinity of Beardstown was waylaid by ruffians, and in the encounter was stabbed in the back, under the left shoulder-blade. He was treated by physicians, and in a short time the wound healed over. A few years since he began to cough, and since that time had all the appearance of a person in consumption, and his friends despaired of his recovery. About three weeks since, in a violent fit of coughing, he threw up a piece of the knife-blade with which he was pierced, about one inch and a half in length, and about half an inch in width. It had passed during that long interval from his back into his stomach, through his lungs, and upward through the bronchial tube. He is now doing well.

When once revenge has taken possession of the heart it hesitates at nothing. Lately numerous incidents have come to light showing the fearful workings of this passion. Two women in Pennsylvania, after various unsuccessful attempts, poisoned a little girl of four years, because she had called them "old maids." A fiendish wretch—we forget where he lived, and hope never to see or hear his name—entered the stable of an enemy at night, poured kerosene oil over one of his horses, and set fire to it. Could any thing more diabolical be conceived? In Maine several instances of mean revenge have occurred. Thirty choice fruit trees, belonging to a gentleman in Gardiner, were girdled one night. And at Cape Elizabeth a miscreant entered a garden one night and pulled more than a hundred hills of sweet corn, and several bushels of turnips and carrots. The vegetables were left upon the ground, indicating that mere revenge was the motive.

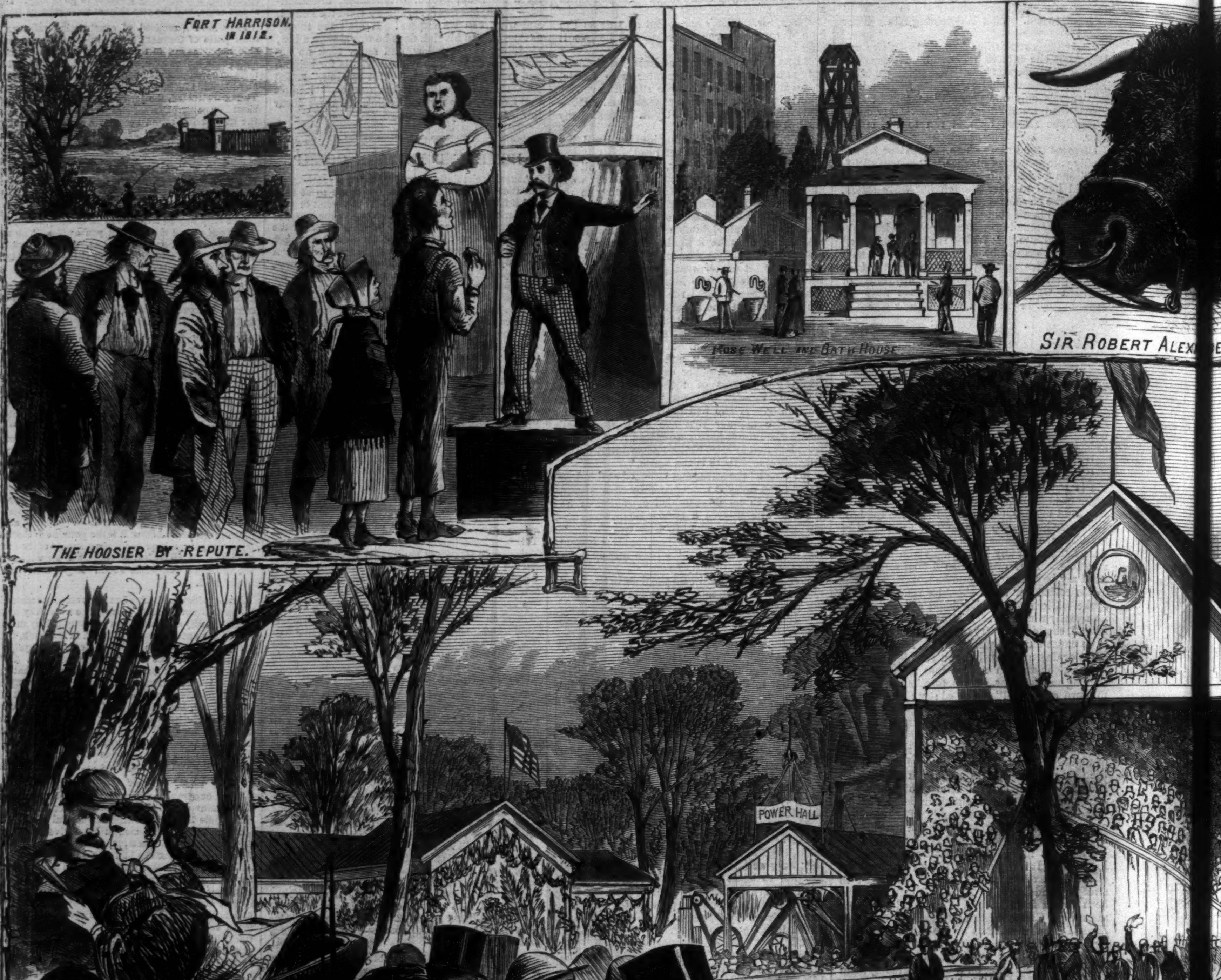
Peruvian ladies of the "upper crust" are noted for their small feet, the secret of which is said to be that infants of the female sex undergo amputation of the little toe on each foot. It is rumored that a famous Peruvian surgeon is going to San Francisco, in the hope of reaping a rich harvest—*of toes*. He warrants to very young ladies the tiniest foot by means of the above-named amputation and a week's confinement to the house. Might not small hands be produced by a corresponding process with the little finger?

A man living in Delaware, Richard Greenwell by name, recently committed suicide. It is certainly not strange that he did so, and the world has no cause to regret him. Some years ago, after helping to lynch a negro in Maryland, Greenwell is said to have "cut and carved him as though he were a beef," and then roasted and burned the pieces to ashes, preserving the right hand to carry home as a trophy. He had suffered of late from a series of calamities. He was an infidel, and did not believe in a future state of existence, and, the local papers say, "would stand up with an open Bible in his hand and curse the God that made him, contending that blind chance formed and ruled the world."

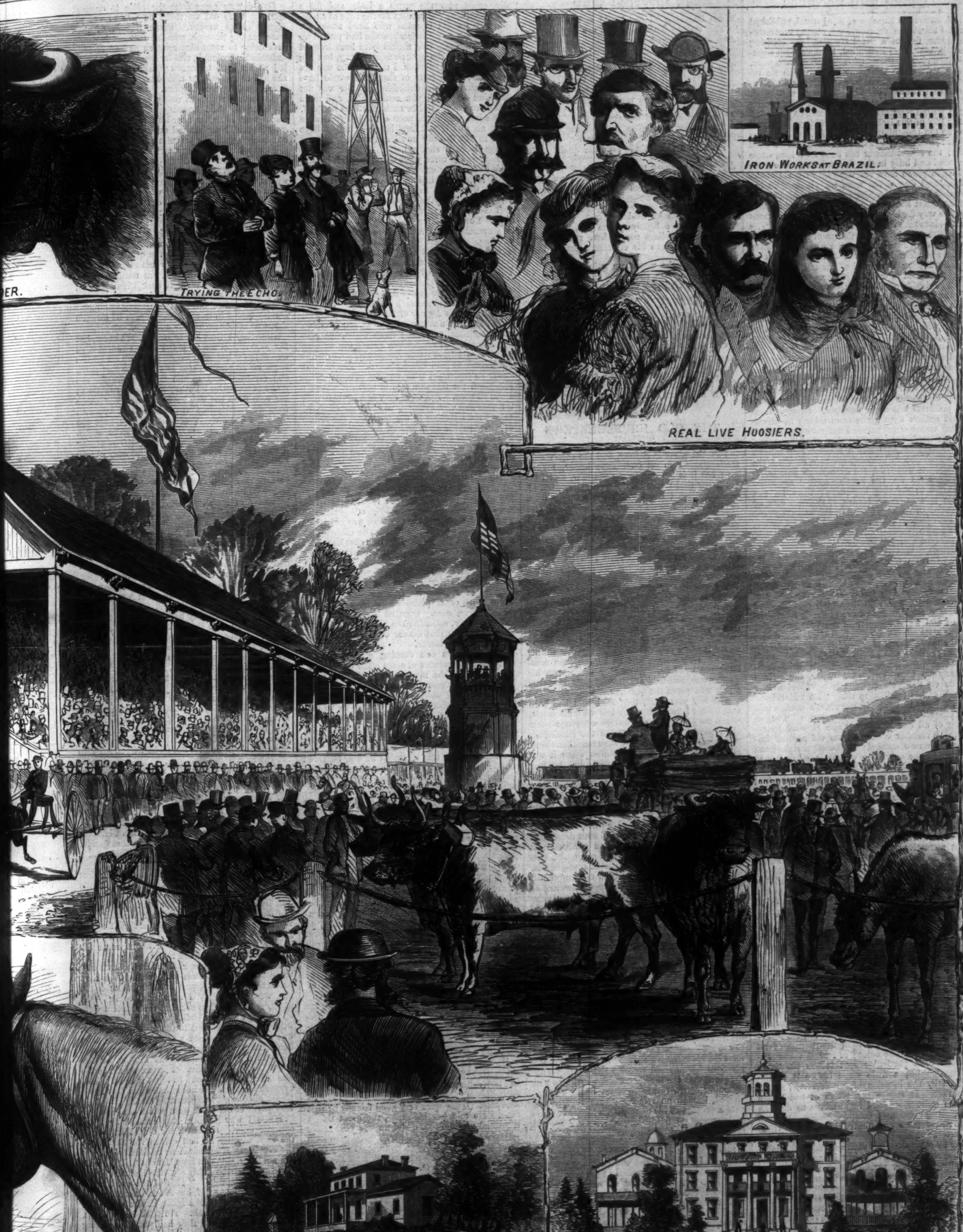
A singular exhibition of strength was lately made in Chesterfield, England, by a Mr. Evans, native of Australia. He claims to be the strongest man in the world. Among other performances a fifty-six pound weight was dropped a distance of about a yard on his bare chest, and the weight rebounded as though it had come in contact with a piece of India-rubber. A piece of stone, four inches thick, was placed upon his chest, and a blacksmith smashed it with two blows into fragments. The feats concluded by the modern Hercules lying flat upon the floor and allowing the blacksmith to strike him, with all his strength, with a sixteen-pound sledge-hammer. The blow was met by Mr. Evans, and the hammer rebounded without leaving a scratch upon his body. So it is said.

It is said that a lake named Neepignon exists in British Columbia which is larger than Lake Superior. It abounds with fish.

A museum is now being established at the Springfield (Mass.) Arsenal, which will contain an almost endless variety of guns, American and foreign, federal and rebel, muzzle and breech-loading. A valuable feature will be specimens of the scores of breech-loaders which were presented to the Commission for examining such arms, which met in Springfield some time ago; also, photographs of every part of each. War relics will comprise a prominent part of the collection.


FORT HARRISON. IN 1812.
ROSE WELL AND BATH HOUSE
SIR ROBERT ALEX
THE HOOSIER BY REPUTE.
POWER HALL
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
STRAWBERRY HILL.
ILL

INDIANA STATE FAIR AT TERRE HAUTE, October 1, 2, 3, 4, and


DER.
TRYING THE ECHO
IRON WORKS AT BRAZIL.
REAL LIVE HOOSIERS.
ILLY BARR.
SPRING HILL.
ST AGNES HALL.

AMONG THE HOOSIERS.—Sketched by J. F. Gooking—[See Page 698.]

AMONG THE HOOSIERS.

A PREVIOUS Number of this journal, published some months since, contained, among other caricatures, that of a "real Hoosier," representing a tall, lank, lean individual, holding, with ague-stricken hands, the dilapidated handles of a plow. Many were the indignant letters which we received from Hoosierdom, and numerous the varied caricatures of ourselves which came to hand. The modern Hoosier repudiates, and very justly too, the old popular impression; and on pages 696 and 697 of this issue of the *Weekly* we endeavor to do the Indianians justice. The day of the ancient ruminating and verdant "Hoosier" is gone by; the school-master has been for a long while abroad and busy in that favored land; the new-fangled plows have run deep into the fat of the land, and dug riches from it; picturesque but decidedly uncomfortable cabins have made room for elegant homes, and blackberry patches have made way for elegant lawns, in which evergreens and pines take the place of "black Jacks." The real live Hoosier is a gentleman of taste, and culture, and refinement, and the women are beautiful and charming beyond description—that is, with the pen; the pencil of our artist, however, has not failed to do them justice.

The double-page picture on pages 696 and 697 is the result of a week's sojourn of our artist in the Wabash Valley, at Terre Haute, and has been chiefly drawn from observations at the State Fair, which was held at Terre Haute on October 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. As in the Eastern States, the Western people take great pride in their State Fairs, and gather annually at the chosen rendezvous from all parts of the State. The Indiana State Fair at Terre Haute this year was the most successful ever held in that State. The attendance of visitors was very large, and the display of products was never excelled. Several thousand dollars were given (and taken) in premiums; twenty-one thousand dollars were received at the gates for the admission of visitors; and the Board of Agriculture cleared over $6000. The Vigo County Society's grounds, on which the Exhibition was held, are extensively and beautifully fitted up, the Society having expended $20,000 in erecting buildings. They lie two miles east of Terre Haute, a thriving city of twenty-four thousand inhabitants, and the centre of a magnificent agricultural and mineral region. The entire Wabash Valley is noted for the richness of its soil and the value of its agricultural products. Radiating in any direction from the city of Terre Haute, within a distance of three to five miles horizontally and fifty to two hundred feet perpendicularly, one strikes the coal region. Veins of five and six feet in diameter abound, and such is the superior quality of the coal obtained that great quantities of ore are sent from Missouri and Lake Superior to the Wabash Valley to be smelted. Very fine iron ore is also native and abundant, and is worked profitably.

It is really useless to describe Mr. GOOKING's admirable and interesting picture, it tells so completely its own story. Of course, the central scene on the Fair grounds is not local to any State, and is familiar to all. "Fort Harrison" is a relic of 1812, and in our artist's hands a hint at pioneer life and pioneer dangers—the beginning of all our States. "The Hoosier by repute" is another version of our old popular impression now discarded; on the upper right-hand corner of the engraving will be found in "Real Live Hoosiers" the correction of that false impression. "Sir Robert Alexander" is the first prize bull of the collection at the Fair. A very remarkable echo, which reverberates a sound seventeen to twenty times, exists near the "Rose Well" (a sulphur well 1728 feet deep, from which flows a white sulphur water shown by analysis to be of fine curative properties), and visitors to that attractive spot are "Trying the Echo." The "State Normal School" is a superb building soon to be completed at a cost of $160,000. "Strawberry Hill" and "Spring Hill" are illustrations of the style of "Hoosier Cabins" of the present day. "Billy Barr" is the animal which won the thousand-dollar premium on a green turf half mile track in 34¼, 34, and 37½.

With these indications and explanations every one will be fully able to understand and enjoy Mr. GOOKING's picture.

EQUILIBRIUM OF SPECIES.

THAT law by which an even balance is maintained throughout the domain of nature is admirable in its effects. No one order of insects, reptiles, or animals are permitted to gain a perfect ascendency to the total destruction of all others. When one colony of insects takes possession of a particular spot it has peaceable possession but a little while before it is disturbed by the invasion of a determined foe of the race. It resists, but yields at last before it has quite multiplied in numbers to defy an advancing column of hostile enemies. In turn the new-comers are hunted by another troop of exterminating phalanxes, that are also swept away by others. Thus each species is kept down to a specific level which just insures their perpetuity, but never permits them to gain a permanent ascendency. Such is the natural law in regard to plants. Scarcely any animal will touch the nettle, yet fifty species of insects take their turn in feasting upon its needle-covered skin. Some take to the leaves; others to the seeds and so on, and from their greediness it looks at first as though the poor nettle was in danger of extinction. But just before that point is gained a change of temperature kills all the revelers, and just seed enough is spared to keep the nettles going another year. Were its insect annoyants to suspend labor six weeks in any season nettles would get the mastery in spite of the ingenuity of man.

IN NUTTING TIME.

WITH lingering glints of gold and red
The waning autumn woods are gay;
And in the deep blue overhead
The sun shines clear and soft to-day

The late October winds are bland,
Their voices whisper low and sweet,
While far away the blue hills stand
With valley vapors round their feet.

Across the azure of the sky
The milky cloud-shapes, wandering, sail;
Southward the roving song-birds fly,
And from the stubble pipe the quail.

Along the winding path we go,
Through fields in which the aster nods;
And over breezy slopes where grow
The yellow-painted golden rods—

Along the path by field and hill,
With many a lightly-spoken jest,
Past golden orchard rows where still
The robin shows his crimson breast—

Until at last the woods we gain,
And there, with shout and crashing sound,
We beat the boughs till downward rain
The ripened nuts upon the ground.

All other sounds around are hushed,
There is no note of any bird;
But through these aisles with autumn flushed
Our voices far and wide are heard.

With lingering glints of gold and red
The waning autumn woods are gay,
And though the summer months are fled
Our hearts make summer of to-day.

THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S STORY.

YES, the place is rickety, and the salary only moderate. I might have done better, I dare say; but it is too late to change now, and I do not know that I care to. An irregular kind of housekeeping, I know—with the peculiar ways of the family it could scarcely be any thing else—but I have always understood and humored them, and I believe there is a kind of freedom in our *ménage* that I like myself. You can put up with a great deal when no one interferes in *your* affairs, and for years and years I have been sole mistress here, as far as the old place has had a mistress.

Mr. Wyatt was always considered eccentric, and when his young wife died he seemed to have renounced all obligations to act like an ordinary Christian. This room became a sort of library, that a study; one was littered over with papers, another was sacred to specimens. I suppose he found it more convenient to indulge his whims here than elsewhere, and so kept up the rambling old concern. Then Roy came with his guns, flutes, and fishing-lines—system with such a pair was out of the question.

The boy was wild, they said, and had been sent by his friends to study law with his uncle, whom they thought most likely—a stern, austere old fellow—just fit to manage the headstrong young gentleman. But they were mistaken there. He gave his nephew his opinion when it was asked, treated him as an equal, and let him alone. Roy, in return, showed him unusual deference, visited the office when it suited him, and did much as he pleased generally. He never pleased to do any thing long, would take a world of pains with some outlandish notion, and then throw it away in disgust. He was old, very old in some things; had known and seen more than was good for him, I think; had not the least particle of reverence for any one, and took a perverse delight in shocking people's prejudices. Sometimes his manner was even contemptuous, especially if his victim was the least conceited or unused to contradiction; and really it was amusing to see with what an impudent tact he could put them in a ridiculous light. Yet, now I think of it, there were some things he did respect, all the more simply and touchingly, perhaps, because they were so few. One of those people who, with all their faults, have every one's good-will. If you were his bitterest enemy, judging him for a great wrong, he could have disarmed you with the look I have seen in his great brown eyes. But I am a foolish old woman, and, may be, judge others by myself. Roy was my favorite, I know.

Lewin was a child when he came, and during his first stay with us one rarely crossed the other's way. Either her reticence was too great for even his intrusive attacks, or her pale, silent presence harmonized so with the character of the place that she impressed him as its ghost or presiding spirit, rather than any thing human. Indeed, though no relative of the Wyatts, but only a protégé of his dead wife, a legacy of some early, romantic friendship, she always seemed more to belong to the house than any other of its inmates.

She haunts it still. The white lilies, and the dark, cool myrtle-leaves, and mosses, growing there in the shade, and which I tend still for her sake, look like her. I can see her in the old-fashioned rooms on summer afternoons, one shaft of sunbeams crossing the faded carpet at her feet, and sinking in the dark, heavy furniture that supported her leaning figure, or flitting up the dim staircase to her own room, on a level with the tree-tops. I have fancied the stir in them at evening a mysterious conference about her. The house itself, in some of its moods, gray and wan in the winter moonlight, barred by the shadowed boughs of its sentinel trees, reminds me of her as I saw her last.

Her life had been as much out of rule as the rest. She had attended the convent occasionally, could play the organ a little, and for a while took long daily walks for the sake of studying with an old German who lived under the hill, and whose acquaintance she had picked up in her rambles. She should have been learned with the time she spent among books, but she never had the reputation, I think. She was not domestic; some taste of that kind would have been better for her, doubtless, but she was not the kind of person you could order, and there was no one to appreciate such efforts on her part.

She had very little, poor child, but seemed to want no more; and how long she might have lived in that dreamy way I can not tell, had not things suddenly changed.

Roy, of age three years since, had left his uncle's and his law studies, and was now spending what fortune he had in European cities. His letters were very fitful; now a long, glowing one, then a hasty line; but for some time they had ceased altogether, and we had lost trace of him. Lewin had reached the years and stature of womanhood. I recall her on one particular evening. We were on the lawn, looking at a new flower that had just bloomed. Mr. Wyatt was stooping down to examine it, and she, looking down with a half smile, stood beside him.

It was a pretty picture: the old man, with his gray hair, and her graceful, light-draped figure, standing out from the dark shrubbery. She had an unconscious dignity of manner, and a sweet, pure face, if it was not a beautiful one; only in voice, attitude, and smile there was a too perceptible tinge of sadness—a something alien to youth that I have never recognized again without a sense of pain foreshadowed. But she was never so free from it as on that summer evening, when the fate that was to make it a reality stood so near. Am I the only one to remember it? that summer evening, with its air of quiet, sunset tints playing in the west, and the breath of honey-suckle and roses on the air?

There was a step on the grass and Roy, travel-stained, valise in hand, older and somewhat changed, but with a comical grimace that sufficiently identified him, stood before us.

He was tired of roving, and had come to wear off his rustiness with Uncle Wyatt before applying himself in sober earnest to his profession. These intentions were announced afterward, and I seriously believe his appearance was the result of mere chance, his plan being the offspring of subsequent cogitations. I noticed that he bowed low to Lewin, and that when she withdrew his eye followed her across the lawn.

The local aristocracy of B—— had always been partial to Roy, and now that he added the prestige of spendthrift and gentleman of the world to his other qualifications, he was more in demand than ever. Scented billets-doux were left every day, soliciting the pleasures of his society at this or that dinner or fête, often given especially in his honor.

Coming down one evening, apparently contemplating attendance at some affair of the kind, he asked, with the most perfectly feigned innocence, if Miss Neele was not going. I answered shortly that "I didn't think it likely," for he knew the neighborhood well enough to be perfectly aware that the very existence of a mere penniless protégé of those Wyatts would be ignored by the set who loaded him with their courtesies. But he only enjoyed my chagrin, and persisted. Was this seclusion he had observed usual? Then what could be her motive for indulging in, or his uncle's for allowing it. "True," with a slight sneer, "the company was insipid, beneath her natural level, but any thing was better than the life of a recluse." Just then Lewin entered, and he repeated his question, but I noticed that he dropped the sham before the surprise in her truthful eyes, and her quiet answer, "Oh no, I never do." She was leaving the room again, with the pile of music she was seeking. "Allow me," starting to her side, and carrying it off in triumph into the long dim parlor. He did not go to B—— that night. He had ceased to find his old acquaintances entertaining; besides, they were leaving for the lakes, the mountains, or the sea-side, and after the day's study no place was so resting as our old parlor. And it really grew more home-like; the lamps burned with a soft radiance; flowers found their way to the windows, and through them the moonlight made fairy tracery on the floor; and as I sat knitting in my room I caught the echoes of young voices and laughter, new sounds there.

Sometimes he would saunter in, and amuse me with some odd quaint thing, or tease Lewin into talking until she was upon the verge of becoming something not herself—something weirdly beautiful, with that faint flush on her cheek, and the fitful light in her eyes.

He treated her with a strange deference, and she received his little attentions in an unquestioning way, with a proud gentleness that was peculiar to herself. So the summer went and the winter came. They were very good friends by that time. He told her his plans, the great things it seemed possible to do, and no one could have believed them more implicitly. They gave each other sage advice. When two people read their futures, it is difficult not to think of them as one. And I, wisely thinking I saw the end of it all, said to myself nothing is fitter.

We had had another guest since Christmas—Mr. Stuart, an old college chum of Mr. Wyatt's. They were employed in settling some business, which detained him longer than he had expected. He was an easy, good-humored old gentleman, rather out of his element at the Hill, with his social, luxurious habits; still he made himself very agreeable. His chief preoccupation seemed to be a little daughter he had left at home—his "little girl," as he called her. He must run down there, or she would be getting lonesome. He had promised, too, to take her "on East" this month, to visit some friends there, and did not see how he was to get off.

One day he came from the office in unusual spirits. Who did we think he was to see to-night? Puss herself. Some friends of hers were passing through, and she thought it would save delay to meet him here, as he had already outstaid his furlough, and he laughed and chuckled at his little Captain's spirit. By-the-way, she had as many titles and characters as he had occasions of mentioning her.

So we made a room ready, and sent the carriage for the child, knowing, of course, that her father would like her near him, and Lewin and I only lamented the limited means of amusement our house afforded a juvenile guest.

It was late when they arrived, and we could not see out into the dark; but, although I remarked a vast amount of flutter in alighting, it was only when the little figure, petite and dainty in its long trail and costly wraps, but graceful and self-poised as no child could be, swept out into the stream of light, that we comprehended our mistake.

Roy's reception was the only one perfectly free from embarrassment. Our moment's discomfiture amused him, as well as the quick look with which she took her inventory and summed us all up. It was a roguish look, but natural to her fresh, pretty face. With its dark, kindling hazel eyes, and naïve, frank expression, it was really a bewitching face, but with something intelligent and imperious in it, that would exact its owner's rights as orthodox heiress and belle.

How they bribed her to stay I don't know, but Mr. Wyatt told me to make it as endurable as we could for her, as it would never do for Stuart to go off and leave them in the lurch just then, and certainly stay at the Hill she did for the space of an entire month. She was perfectly at her ease from the first moment, and relieved us from all anxiety in that respect. She broke in upon the old lawyers' gravest confabs, kept the whole posse of servants busy, and gave Roy a thousand and one commissions, which he executed with great gallantry. It was his duty to give Lewin any assistance in entertaining their guest.

She left this duty to him more and more, especially as stylish neighbors soon began to call. There was a fresh shower of invitations, the opportunity of including Roy in them being, of course, too good to be neglected. So Kahta had due attention abroad.

Of all the household the two girls remained the most distant. Miss Stuart, free and friendly as she was, seemed repelled by Lewin's reserve, and I think Lewin shrank from the touch of patronage that characterized her advances.

On one occasion she accompanied Roy and Kahta to a private concert given at Mrs. Keith's. The lady was very select and an old friend of Mrs. Wyatt's, and they had insisted so strongly on her acceptance that it became ridiculous to refuse. I saw them off. Kahta enjoyed such things, and, with her warm, glowing face and happy voice, carried a holiday air with her. In the late afternoon sunlight, the rose-hues in her fanciful dress floating about her, she reminded you of a rich, translucent jewel, and Lewin as much of a piece of marble.

I was afraid Roy would see that she was old-fashioned, she looked so pale and quiet, with only some dark, cool leaves in her hair, and a plain, pearl-tinted muslin; but his face wore the smile it always had for her as he helped her into the carriage.

I knew then that it was a mistake, that she would not enjoy herself with them, and when that night she threw herself on the bed, drooping and wilted, with a weary petition that I would never say any thing about going again, I made up my mind that I never would.

I do not think she was strong. Dr. Clemens, I remember, always spoke to her in that gentle, cautious tone he used with his patients, and I have seen him watch her curiously.

She rarely joined them in the parlor now, but passed most of her time in her own room, the one in the northeast corner of the third story. The light always burned there last. Toiling up the slope in the desolate winter weather, you would have thought it the spectral light in some goblin-haunted hall.

Roy used to jest with her about some Sir Launcelot's shield she hid there.

After they were gone she would slip down and wander about the house and grounds. I have heard the flute-like organ notes hours after the rest were asleep. We were used to it. One night, going round to see that the shutters were all closed, I saw her sitting alone near the open window, which reached to the ground. A book was in her lap, but she was not reading. The light burned dimly, and her chair swayed to and fro with a slight, monotonous motion. I felt uneasy seeing her there. I have said the house was old and gloomy, and to-night it had a faded, by-gone look you did not notice when Roy's and Kahta's lightsome laughter rang through it. The very pages of her book were yellow and musty.

While I was looking, Roy entered from an opposite door. I started, for I thought him in the city, whither he had driven the Stuarts in the evening. He came close beside her, but she did not start. "You here, Lewin? Where do you keep yourself lately?" She looked up, but did not even speak. "This is like old times," glancing round, as if he felt indifference too. The faintest shadow of a smile, as she toyed with the leaves of her book. He took it up, and I recognized a volume they had planned reading together that summer. He said nothing, but bowed his head, and when he raised it there was a trouble in his face I had never seen before.

"When we are gone, Lewin," he said, speaking constrainedly, "you must not neglect these interrupted studies. You must keep them up for your own sake—you need employment here—and for mine. It will be pleasant to think of you here in your hermitage."

She had risen, and stood away from him, her brown hair fallen back with a half-proud gesture, her form and countenance animate with a strange beauty.

"Thank you; you are very kind. I shall remember."

Eyes and voice answered more than words. Those clear, delicate tones, in whose sweetness there was a vibration of pain. Long after they had died away and the place where she had stood was void their impression remained. When I looked at Roy he was sitting alone, his head supported in his hands. How long he staid there I can not say, for I had seen enough.

Soon after the Stuarts left, and Mr. Wyatt and his nephew taking their vacation about the same time, the house relapsed into its humdrum habits. It was long before they were again infringed upon; to both Lewin and myself it seemed a relief to be left alone, and the summer glided slowly and smoothly by, as the surface lives of those around me.

In the fall a letter came to say that the two parties having united, were *en route* for the Stuart plantation, and might possibly call at the Hill on their way. Lewin also went to see an old aunt who had once faintly acknowledged her relationship. Mr. Wyatt, however, came back alone. It was not difficult, from his few hints, to understand the state of affairs. The two old gentlemen had evidently arranged them to their satisfaction. It was time Roy settled down, and Kahta's wealth would give him just the room and position he needed. Then she had life and character, and would be a wholesome check upon his vagrancies. His suit seemed to prosper, and there could be no advantage in delay. But the news came sudden after all. Kahta's father had fallen the victim of a short but fatal malady, and in compliance with his wish they had been married by his bedside. Roy was going immediately South with his bride, who was in great grief.

I had written nothing to Lewin of all this, and her manner on her reappearance was so peculiar that I scarcely knew how to do so. I am positive now that she must have divined the truth; some chance word may have given her the clew, but then it only puzzled me; it had something in it like the silent meaning face that frightens you in dreams. She asked no questions, and she would have no fire in her room, although it was bitter cold, and the winds shrieked, and raved, and wound the white snow high against windows and doors, yet I found afterward that she must have sat up the whole of that night. She had not come to stay, only to get a few winter things, and the next evening I saw her come down in her traveling dress, heard her "Good-by" given in the same odd, mechanical way, saw the uncouth stage disappear, the sound of its wheels muffled by the snow; and it was not till the convent bell, preternaturally deep and distinct, rang out gone, gone, gone, on the stillness, that I realized, now that it was too late, my mistake.

I have never seen her since. When her long, unexplained absence, after her abrupt departure, had roused even Mr. Wyatt from his indifference to seek its cause, he only learned that the aunt had lately left for foreign parts, and it was supposed, as a matter of course, that Lewin had accompanied her. The fact of the old woman's being rich accounted for it in a measure, and perhaps he was naturally offended at what he deemed a capricious renunciation of a home that had sheltered her so many years that he made no further inquiry.

Myself I never believed it; the arrangement was contradictory to all that I knew of both Lewin and her relative. The aunt was close, disagreeable, tyrannical; it was not like her to offer, or Lewin's morbid independence to accept, her protection. No, I always imagine her alone, struggling, lost somewhere in the crowds, away from us all, seeking to forget and be forgotten. Trifles that perhaps would not have the same significance to others have confirmed me in this view, and I fancy I am not alone in my suspicions. It was in the following spring that Roy made a hasty call for papers of which he had immediate need. He was tired, and had thrown himself on a sofa, while I unlocked an escritoire in a little ante-room beyond. Long, slow-falling rains had made every thing damp and disagreeable; the rooms had scarcely been entered since the summer before, and the chairs stood where their last occupants had left them. A bunch of autumn leaves, the crisp, withered relics of the last year's growth, crumbled away on a stand. He leaned forward and wiped his forehead. "This air is oppressive," he said; and then, as if compelled to utter the words, "What is this about Lewin?" I told him the story as it was current, without comment. He looked at me hard, doubtingly, asked a few keen questions, and muttering "Humbug," walked with a resolute tread straight up stairs to her old room. All her things, and many of his that she had used, were scattered round there, and I thought of Sir Launcelot's shield. He said nothing when he came down, and I would not help him with a word; but as he left, he said so sorrowfully I could not but listen, "Auntie, if I were you I would leave it so; she may come back."

They are not fond of visiting here, Roy or his wife; their time is probably too taken up, for they live happy, prosperous lives. Years and years have passed; all outside the Hill seems another world now; that is growing aged too, as if it knew its palmy days were past, and declined the sham of rejuvenating. I had hoped that the world, hard to all, but most of all to such as her, would drive my poor motherless child back again to her old rest, and that I might make up with love and care for the neglect of those past years; but it is growing very feeble now. I begin to see that return is a word not written on realities; that with many another record of my heart another life must write its conclusion, or seal it unfinished forever.

REST.

A CRIMSON cloud all fringed with sunset fire
Hung like a curtain in the burning west,
And seemed to yearn with languor and desire
Toward the earth's cold breast.

The purple mountain reared its giant's head,
Flushed at the summit with its roseate glow,
The valley at its feet, like something dead,
Lay silent far below.

A wind from out the portals of the sun
Blew cool o'er desert fields and groves of pine,
And in the blue empyrean, one by one,
The stars began to shine.

Weary with toil, oppressed with grief and care,
I longed for rest. Near to her highest noon,
By vapory isles, through purple seas of air,
Floated the harvest moon.

The hour went by; soft strains of music, made
More sweet with distance, o'er the landscape wide
Stole like faint odors on by copse and glade,
Then swooned, and swooning died.

I slept; next morn, refreshed and calm, I woke
From pleasant dreams that held me through the night,
And saw where in the east the young dawn broke
The dusk with shafts of light.

A COSTA RICA DUEL.

"No man who can possibly avoid it ever consents to be born in Mobile, Alabama. Few persons who can avoid the necessity visit Costa Rica. Perhaps they are wise in this. Nevertheless it is a great misfortune for that country. It is a misfortune because the rarity of strangers tends to confirm an idea deeply implanted in the Costa Rican mind, but considered by me to be erroneous, that their folks are the sole inhabitants of this earth, excepting such small wretches as drag out existence on the soil of the neighboring republics.

"Society in Costa Rica pretends to enormous culture and vast liberty of thought. With an air of patronizing encouragement it asks the amazed stranger whether he live on the London or Paris bank of the New York River. Nay, when very drunk indeed, society will quaver out sentiments of reckless infidelity in matters of religion, and, shuddering at its own sinful duplicity, will declare that some heretics may even be called Christians as a matter of politeness. For my own part I prefer the unaffected ignorance and the honest fanaticism of Nicaragua. Only two points can I see of good in this pretentious little state: their coffee and their road. For the rest the peons are churlish, and the rich are—what did Mr. Thackeray call that class of persons which he particularly disliked? There is but one amusement in Costa Rica—gambling. You may gamble with dice, with cards, with fruit-stones, or with fighting-cocks. You must gamble somehow, or what on earth can be done with the money?—unless you should choose to get drunk. For this amusement government retains the monopoly, but it retails cheap. Consequently the population is about equally divided in its choice, and very many combine the two pleasures."

Laughingly I read these passages from a letter in trotting along the road alluded to. It is indeed a creditable work in that thriftless region; a work without a rival, without an imitation between the frontier line of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama. At the same time a turnpike company in New England would certainly be indicted for neglect of duty if it left any country road in such a state. Macadamizing is, of course, an unknown art in that quarter of the globe, but the merest common-sense would suggest the advantage of removing roots eighteen inches high, of filling holes a foot deep, and of cutting down *some* of the trees which block the middle passage. Yet let us be just. If indeed it be found impossible to construct a road broader than twice the width of a bullock-cart, it is of course desirable to have some sort of barrier in the midst to prevent oxen from straying to their wrong side. But it might be urged again that the thorniest species of American bamboo is not altogether the best material for a hedgerow into which one is driven each instant by passing vehicles; when we use bamboo in China and the East there is always a ditch intervening.

But such is the Pacific road, and I repeat that nothing like it exists between Chiapas and Panama. It is neither a torrent, nor a precipice, nor a mudhole, nor the ridge of a stone-wall, which are the usual routes in Central America. It is broad and smooth, except for roots; two feet deep lies the dust, it is true, but that was of small weight with us after our weary tramp backward and forward from one gold-field to another. So we trotted along merrily toward Esparsa, under the shadow of vast trees hung with lianas, between hedges of lacelike bamboo. Being much better mounted than my companions, I threaded the crowd of bullock-carts, horsemen, and shouting children at a pace they could not support, and toward sundown, when the "peons" were unyoking their oxen in long camps by the roadside, I found myself quite alone. I had a long, steep hill to climb before reaching Esparsa. The short twilight of the tropics settled down upon the hills; then soft mists began to rise, and the creatures of darkness to appear. Flat and large-winged and noiseless, like enormous butterflies, the night-hawks floated along the path, alighting in front of me. Weirdly and ghostlike they took wing again when about to be trampled, causing my mule to start backward with a frightened snort. The great goat-suckers cackled hoarsely overhead as they circled round. Here or there a lonely fire-fly glinted among the boughs, flashing and waning; a gentle wind from the near Pacific sighed along the hills; all was still and dark and lonely upon the road, save in the sheltered hollows, where fires gleamed among the black trees, and long lines of coffee-carts were drawn up beside. It was startling to come suddenly from the darkness and silence into one of these camps, where all was bright and noisy and active. The women were singing or cooking, the men drinking or feeding their oxen, or mending harness. Through them all I trotted on up the long hill-side.

Crowning the summit was a small house, or rather shanty, such as line the whole road from Punt Arenas to San José; a public house where the luxurious traveler can order Bass or Allsopp—it depends on circumstances whether he get it or no—and the thirsty "peon" can imbibe just so much as he may please of the government monopoly at the price of a dime a drink! That's cheaper than vitriol, you know.

I was hesitating whether to wait here or press on to Esparsa. The shed was full of brawny Costa Ricans, white-skinned and thick-bearded, and the false tones of their voice and laughter showed that the government had profited considerably already. In a hollow by the road-side stood the loaded carts, with fires already lighted between them, and the stately oxen munched their sugar-cane behind. While I hesitated a wild oath rang out above the confusion, the "peons" were scattered from the doorway, and a tall fellow, in colored shirt and high boots, ran up to me.

"You come 'long in here, mister! We've been alookin' for a Christian to drink with this two hours. Now don't you think to say no! Them noes don't smell nice. If you was the President himself, you should stop an' take a drink!"

I looked at the speaker as closely as the red fire-light would permit. He was very tall and broad-shouldered, upright, bearded, and lithe-looking. His face, hairless on the cheeks, was sallow and dry, mouth firm, and his dark eyes sparkled with reckless spirit. It was a type common enough in Texas and Missouri—the type of a wild Bohemian, to whom life, his own or another's, is of no more value than a charge of powder. I recognized him at once.

"Now, Jem," I answered, "it's no good! I've spent all my plunder, and I'm now going to crack 'huacas' on the Chiriqui. You can't get a cent out of my belt, and that being so, I'll drink with you as long as you'll keep it going. Who's your mate?" I added, dismounting.

"Great thunder! Why it's J——! What, in the eternal world, has brought you to huaca-cracking? When I left La Vergen, they said you was sweating bullion on the Mico."

"Did they?" I answered. "Then they took advantage of your trustful disposition, Jem. If I may give a hint to a Texan boy, I'd recommend you to handle these Costa Rican peons a little more gently, or you'll lose your beauty pretty soon. They're not Nicaraguans, you know."

"Aren't they? They're cusses just about as mean then. I shall treat 'em much as I please, I guess. How goes the game, boy?"

"Dropping on every card, by thunder!" growled his mate.

The shanty was crammed. Four thin candles, with long wicks, lit up as great a variety of savage faces as ever I saw in the worst "faro-hell" of California. From the dark half-breed, and insolent-looking Mulatto, to the yellow-haired Spaniard of blood unmixed, every variety of color was represented in the crowd of gamblers. The "gandin" was there, uncomfortably grand in a chimney-pot hat and coat of broadcloth; the trader, in fringed Guatemalan jacket; the stalwart "peon," with broad Panama hat, and loose drawers rolled above the knee. All passers-by had been magnetically drawn into that little shed, and some, I found, had passed the day there. Such wretched furniture as the place could boast had been carried away, except one table and one stool. The padrone and his wife sat cross-legged on the counter, keeping within their reach the square bottles of "Ginevra," and the long-necked flasks of "aguardiente." Beside them dozed a boy, wearied out with long attendance and exposure to the sun through the open front. The air was thick and hazy with smoke and liquor fumes, which rolled out into the black night in volumes. Floor there was none, but the ground was strewn with empty bottles and fragments of cigars. The heat was terrible. But all faces were drawn and fixed and feverish; the curses rolled up to heaven in an unbroken stream. Como no? These Costa Ricans were enjoying the national game in a national manner.

At the table, to which Jem rudely crushed his way, an old man sat, supported on either side by a ruffianly fellow armed with machete and knife—as, indeed, were five-sixths of the company. Upon the board lay four cards, surrounded by little piles of gold and silver. He was not ill-looking, that old man, though the big spectacles, cased in tortoiseshell, did not well set off his eyes; slow-moving and silent was he, like most gamblers of profession. He glanced up sharply as Jem pushed forward, and his eyes fixed themselves upon me curiously, but he recognized in an instant the digger down on his luck, and, bowing slightly, bent over the cards again. The bank was in a golden vein; when stakes were high the old man always turned a winning card; when low, he lost. From the passionate cries on every side, I found that the play had been so running all day; many of the peons were utterly broken, but not the less did they continue to take interest in the game. Jem Whately and his friend, who were also "sportsmen," or professional gamblers, had lost heavily, and a savage look was gathering in the face of either. "Look at those Yankee mules," whispered a Costa Rican beside me; "there will be mischief soon, and murder likely enough. Let us get out!" I knew that course was wisest, and yet I staid, held by that fascination of coming danger which had ever been powerful to me. And the mad oaths rang out more savagely in the soddened air; the threatening glare in the sportsmen's eyes grew more eager; and still the bottles of aguardiente were passed round at the banker's expense.

A little wizened man, who had lost very heavily, attracted my eye by his peering, excited movements. Placing three ounces of gold upon the table, he leaned forward with intense eagerness to mark the turning of the cards. "Do you watch the hatch of your chickens as close, señor?" asked one of the grim guardians of the bank, with an unpleasant smile. The old man calmly turned the card, and the three ounces were lost. A ghastly sort of chuckle escaped the dwarf's lips. Then his feverish eyes peered round the table. They rested upon me for a moment, then upon Whately and his mate. The little mis-shapen wretch began edging through the crowd toward us.

"That's the last cent we own in this world," muttered Jem to himself. "Great thunder! What a run of luck! Seems to have struck 'considerable ile' to-night, that old cuss! We must take to 'huaca cracking' with J—— here, Sim. That will be our game for the next month or so. I'd like to have a 'muss' for the dollars before we go, an' I'd not be dang'rously surprised if that little event was to come off right slick quick time. Eh? What?" The last words were addressed savagely to the wizened little man, who could scarce reach Jem's elbow.

Barely ten words were exchanged. Quick as thought the Texan stretched his long arm over the table, and seized the cards in the banker's hand. There was a roar and a swift surge in the crowd. Like lightning the old man drew a pistol and fired; but Jem's mate dashed the table against his body, and the ball struck a priest standing beside. The candles were stamped out in an instant, and a rush for the door ensued. There was a fierce clash of steel as every man drew his machete against an unknown foe. Three pistol-shots were fired almost simultaneously; and by the flashes I could mark the course of the fight. Two bodies were already on the ground; the banker was powerless in Jem's arms, while his protectors were at bay before the other Yankee, who stood, revolver in hand, protecting his friend. High over the din of clanging steel, and shouts, and frightened cries, the Texan's voice rang out shrill:

"Cl'ar the door there—cl'ar the door! The cards are waxed! Let me out with him into the open! By the etarnal! I'll crush his ribs in if you don't cl'ar away!"

The whole row did not occupy ten seconds. I vaulted over the counter behind me, and alighted in the road with a crash of bottles swept off. Though determined to protect my acquaintances, I could do them no service in the shanty, where they were quite capable of defending themselves; but with pistol cocked I awaited their appearance in the open. There, I knew, would be the real fight. Another shot—a yell of pain, and they dashed through the door.

"J—! J—! Where are yer? Sim's down on the lintel! Thunder and lightnin'! Range off, you yellow cusses!"

Sim staggered up, streaming with blood, from a terrific cut in his shoulder. We stood together in the middle of the road, the centre of a circle of savage faces and flashing machetes. Not all were hostile, for the dwarf had never ceased to yell that the cards were waxed; and as nearly all had lost to the bank, there were very few who were sorry for this chance of regaining their cash. But the banker had a means of arousing the peons to his help.

"A thousand dollars to the man who frees me!" he panted.

The words ended in a shriek, for the Texan crushed him like a bear. He dropped from those terrible arms, and lay moaning on the ground. Jem snatched the cards from his pocket, and beckoning to the respectable men of the crowd, who stood together at a distance—"Come ye here and look!" he shouted; "the faces are waxed all over. See! I can stick two together, an' turn up what I please."

"Es verdad!" assented the lookers-on. "Don Juan has cheated."

"Give us back our money!" was now the yell, and a dozen peons dashed at the banker.

"No, yer don't!" cried Jem, standing across his body. "I guess we'll fix this matter more reasonable fair than that. Don Gregorio, you and J—— here shall count his money first, an' then we'll divide."

But things were not to be so easily arranged. One of the bank bullies pushed through the ring, followed by half a dozen peons, the poorest and most dangerous looking of the crowd. Prefacing his declaration with a string of oaths, he shouted:

"Those are not Don Juan's cards—they are your own, you Yankee mule! Don Juan Zumbado is known as a sportsman over all Costa Rica, and never a word was said against his honor. He is a Rico and a member of Congress, and he can pay those who help him, and avenge himself on those who do him injury. Amigos! will you let these filibusters murder two of your countrymen in your very sight? Don Juan, who is the spirit of honor, has offered a thousand dollars a piece to all who help him—come on then! Death to the filibusters!" But the muzzles of our pistols deterred the shouting crew, which was evidently convinced by the bully's eloquence.

"We must end this," said Jem to me; "Sim's bleeding to death from that cut in his shoulder. I have a notion we can fix the matter up neat enough if that yeller-head has the pluck of a coyote. 'Twas me as began the muss, an' I guess it's me as should put it through. Look hyar, hombres," he called to the crowd in Spanish, "this caballero an' I don't spice in our notions—what then? I've allurs heerd that the men of Costa Rica was notably distinguished by a love of fair play, an' a nice regard for manly virtoo. The caballero has a machete an' a thundering big one; give me another, a fair field, an' we'll settle our diff'rences so quick as you sha'n't see!"

This proposition, quite usual in Spanish America, was received with a cheer. Half a dozen weapons were instantly offered, and in a minute the champions stood opposite to one another, armed with the heavy guardless sword called a "machete." Delivering Sim to the care of the padrone and his wife, I took my station in the ring formed round the combatants.

Jem stood square and firm, holding the weapon from his body in a hanging guard. The Costa Rican took the cramped attitude chosen by his countrymen in such a case, the machete along his thigh and his left arm wrapped in a cloak. Full five minutes they moved warily about the ring without striking a blow; then, quick as a pistol flash, the guarded left arm was thrust on the point of Jem's machete, and a furious lunge from the hip almost pierced his body. But the Texan was too quick. Too many times had he seen a countryman so entrapped by the wily swordsmen of the South. He expected this play when taking the guard. Drawing his machete back by a bend of the elbow, he swept it round in a parry delivered with all his force. The Costa Rican stumbled forward, thrown off his balance by the weight of the blow—Jem's sword swung through the air and cut deep into his neck and throat.

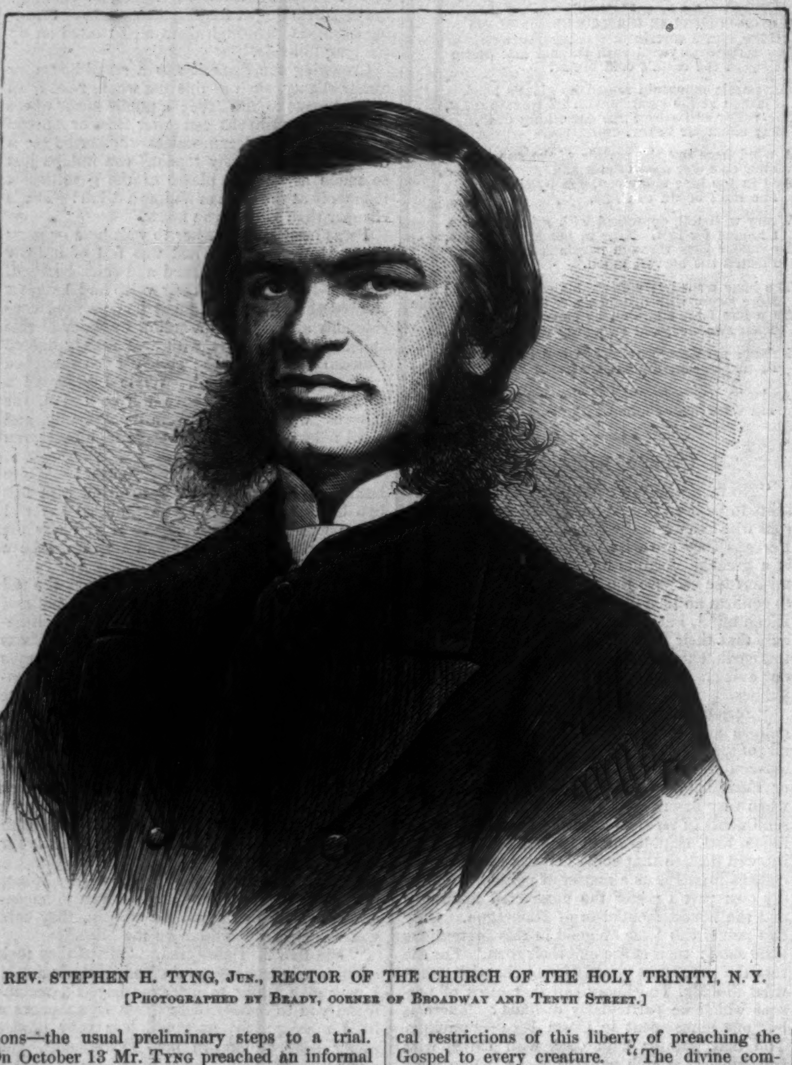
He dropped his machete and fell upon one knee; then, like a jaguar he sprang up, and, heedless of a thrust that pierced his chest, buried a knife in Jem's body. This weapon the villain had concealed in the folds of his mantle. The champions fell together.

We dug a hole beside the road, and there we buried poor Jem Whately, as Christian sepulture is denied the heretic in that enlightened country. We bound up his mate's wound, and made what arrangement was possible with the padrone, and then we trotted on to supper at Esparsa.

"They say the bank had won about twenty-five ounces," observed Paisley, over his evening pipe. "Three men were killed stone-dead, and three dangerously or mortally wounded. That gives rather more than twenty pounds a piece for a life, and ten pounds for a bad hurt. That's about the market-price, I suppose."

"It's not a bad price as things go here," I said; "the worst of it is, *no one was paid.* The gay old banker wriggled himself off while the fight was progressing. Poor Jem! I never much took to 'sportsmen,' but it's a wretched thing to die in a rowdy fight and be buried in a ditch."

I never heard that Jem Whately had a more sympathetic epitaph.



REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JUN., RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, N.Y.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND TENTH STREET.]

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JUN.

PUBLIC attention was lately directed to the Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun., in consequence of his presentation before the diocese of New York, charged with a breach of discipline in preaching in a Methodist church in New Jersey; and the subject still interests and agitates the Episcopal Church. The standing committee to which the charges were referred lately found that there was "cause for trial," and sent Mr. TYNG a copy of the charges and specifications—the usual preliminary steps to a trial. On October 13 Mr. TYNG preached an informal defense of his action, taking as his text the language of Christ—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." He argued that, considered in its intellectual relations, an abridgment of the liberty of preaching had a tendency to dwarf the minds of the ministry; and that, considered in its ecclesiastical relations, a bridle upon the right of preaching was at war with the extension of the Church, and therefore of the Gospel through it. He claimed that its tendencies in the Church were secularizing, and declared that the theory and office of the ministry is actually degraded by local restrictions of this liberty of preaching the Gospel to every creature. "The divine commission is first robbed of its universal responsibilities and then of its sanctity. Under such canonical restraint how can the minister maintain or fulfill his errand of mercy 'to every creature?' His efforts, and with them his sympathies (for they always go together), are authoritatively limited. Does he submit to these restrictions? Then his sense of obligations and convictions of duty will accommodate themselves to the action of his will. His parish is his world. There is no permission, and soon no heart, for work beyond its narrow boundaries. Now it is plain enough that under such a system the ministry must become a mere secular profession, and can not fail to educate a secular, sordid, selfish spirit."

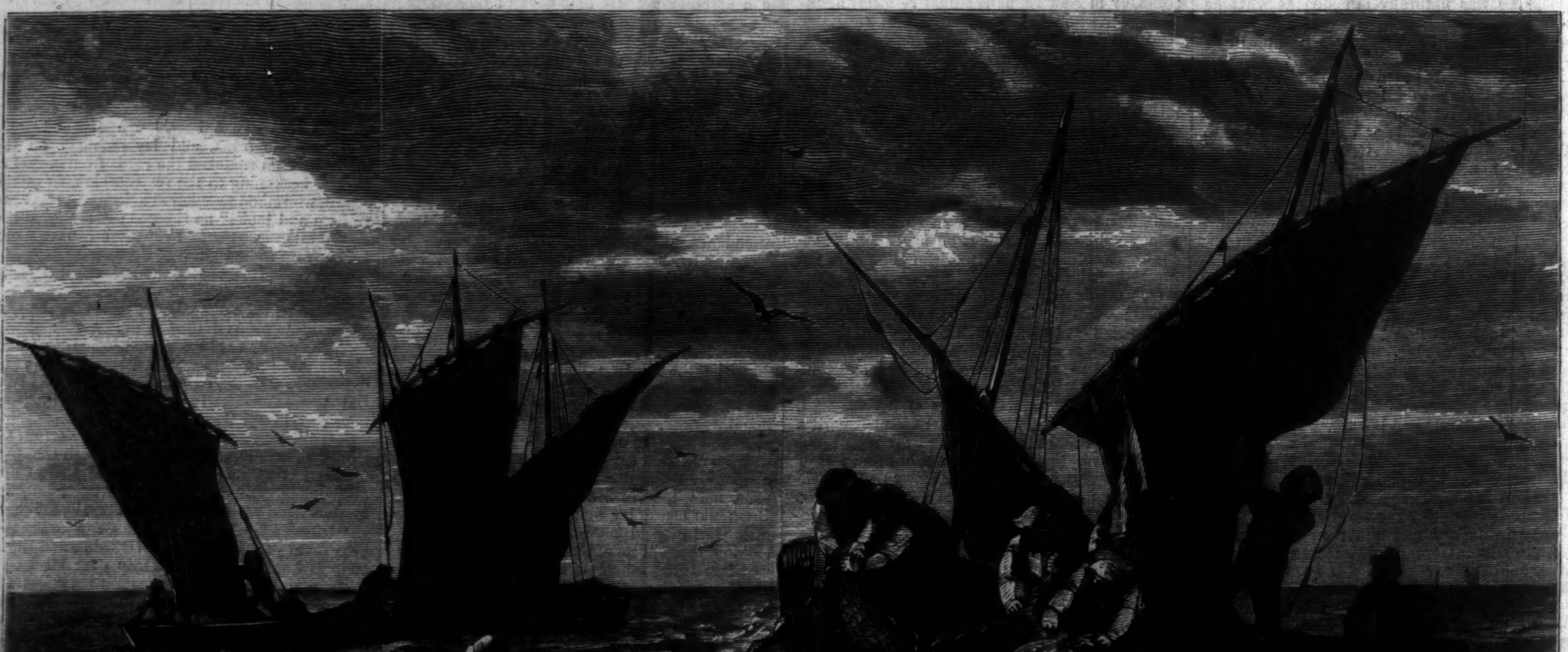
Mr. TYNG is now only twenty-eight years of age. He was born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on June 28, 1839; and graduated at Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1858. He was in attendance at the Episcopal Seminary in Fairfax County, Virginia, when the war opened, and was compelled to leave that State. While attending this theological college he had charge of a mission church at Georgetown, District of Columbia. He was ordained a deacon on May 8, 1861, at St. George's Chapel, in this city, and a priest at Poughkeepsie, New York, on September 11, 1863. From May 1861 to May 1862, he was assistant to his father, and then accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Mediator, a small congregation worshiping in Lexington Avenue. He subsequently organized a new parish up town, under the title of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and a tasteful edifice was erected on Forty-second Street, and consecrated in 1865. He has gathered a numerous congregation, which promises to be one of the most influential of the city. As chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, N.Y.S.M., Mr. TYNG, in 1864, accompanied the regiment to Harrisburg, when the New York troops were called to the defense of the border.

THE SARDINE FISHERIES.

THE sardine fisheries are among the most important, extensive, and profitable of maritime employments, ranking next to the cod, mackerel, and herring fisheries (not counting, of course, the whale and seal fisheries). The sardine is, in fact, a member of the herring family, and is usually alluded to as a part of that trade; but the mode of taking, preserving, and packing these miniature herring is so different from that employed in capturing and drying the larger fish of the same family that it may be treated separately. We give an illustration on this page which will show the French method of catching sardines.

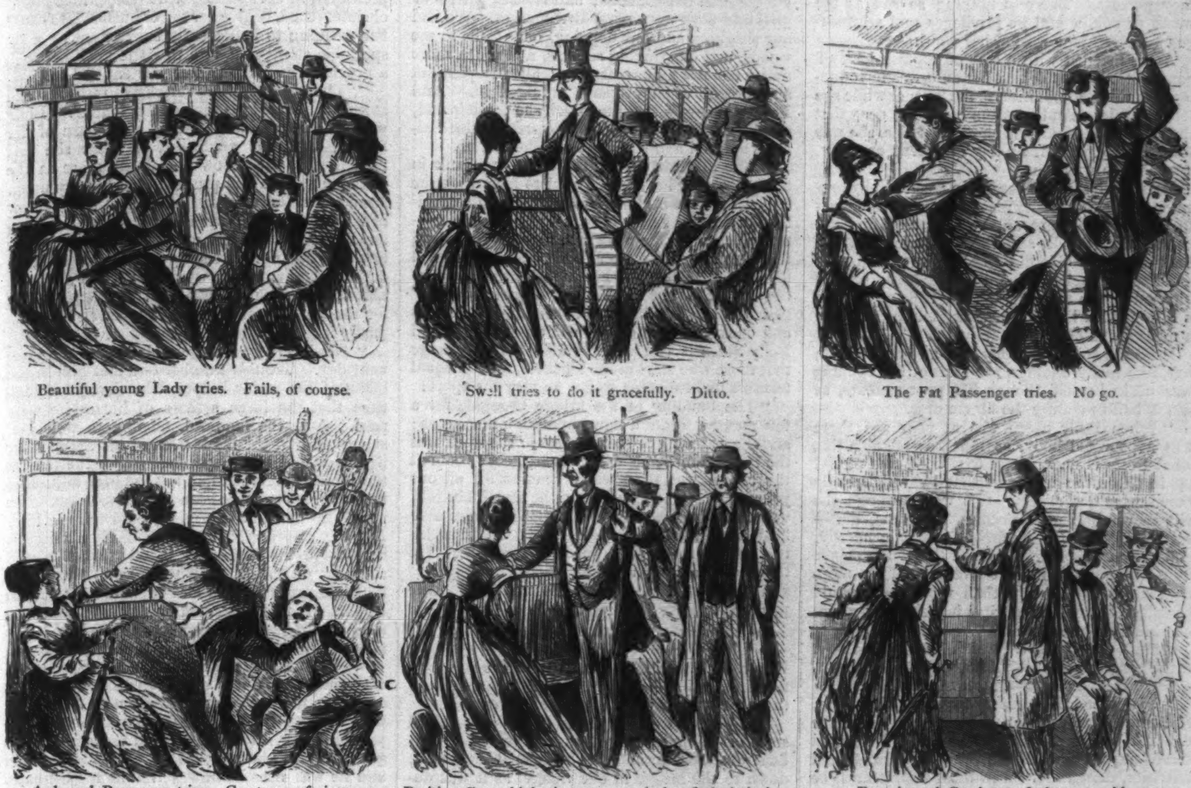
The nets used are from thirty to forty fathoms long, and from six to eight feet high, according to the depth of the water. The meshes are arranged in such a manner that the fish, on entering, are caught by the fins. A bolt rope is run in the top and the bottom of the net, that of the top being furnished with corks, and that of the bottom with leads.

The nets are cast into the water at the approach, with the flood-tide, of the huge "banks," or schools, of sardines, from two to three feet in height, and of a length which is often prodigious. In half an hour they are drawn again, and legions of captives are taken on board amidst the huzzas of the fishermen. Sometimes the sardines swim on the top of the water, and sometimes five or six feet beneath its surface; sometimes they are found only in the top of the nets, and sometimes only in the bottom. Whether this difference arises from the temperature or the position of the animalculæ on which they feed is unknown. The fishery is carried on by day and night, and the profits thereof are immense.



THE SARDINE FISHERIES—THE FRENCH METHOD OF CATCHING SARDINES.

AN OPEN QUESTION.



Beautiful young Lady tries. Fails, of course.

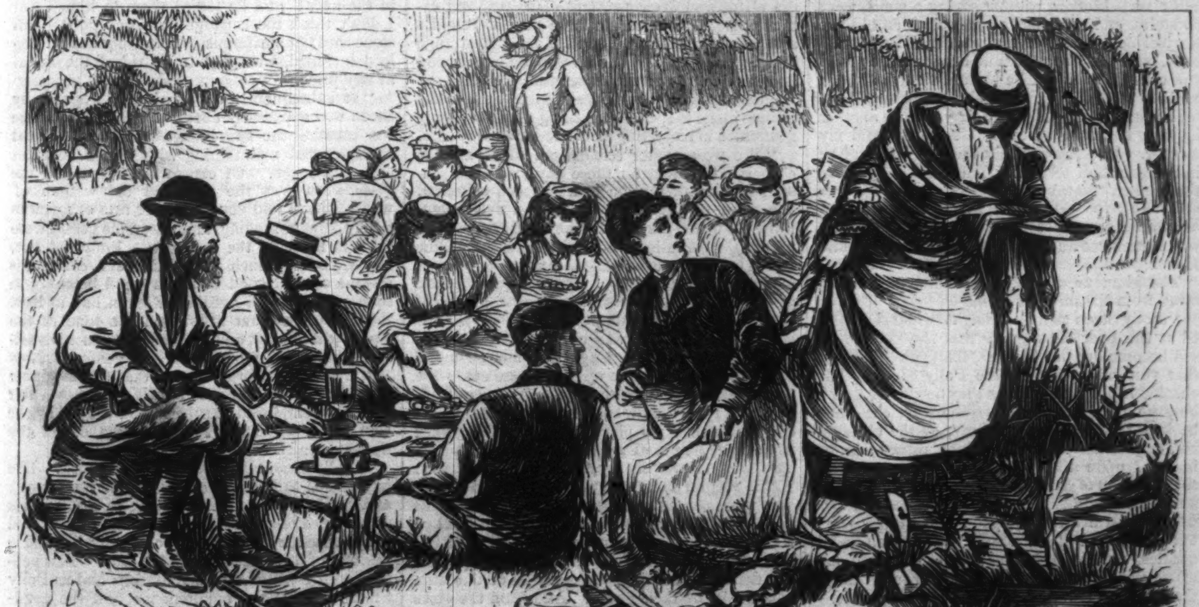
Swell tries to do it gracefully. Ditto.

The Fat Passenger tries. No go.

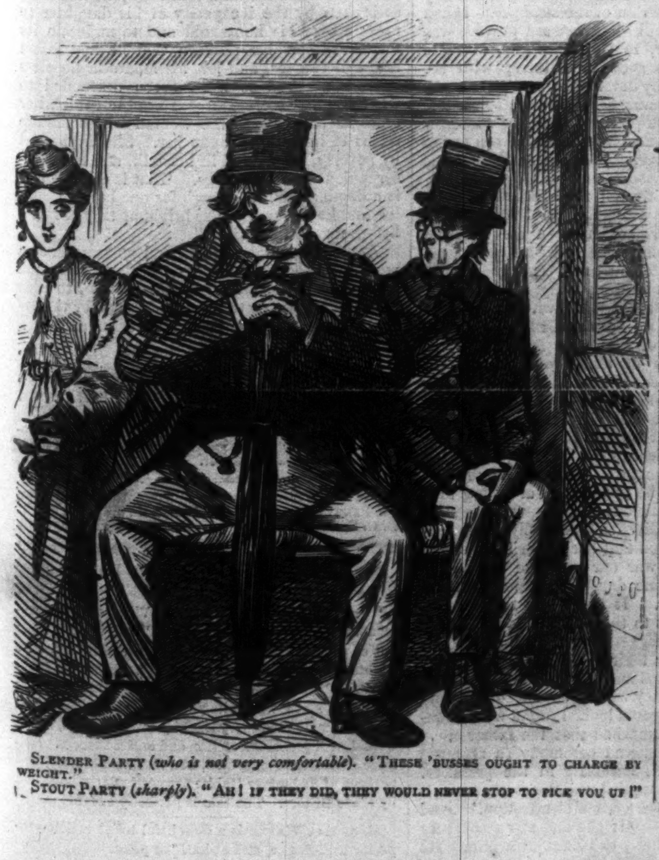
Awkward Passenger tries. Creates confusion.

Positive Gent thinks it easy enough, but finds it it isn't.

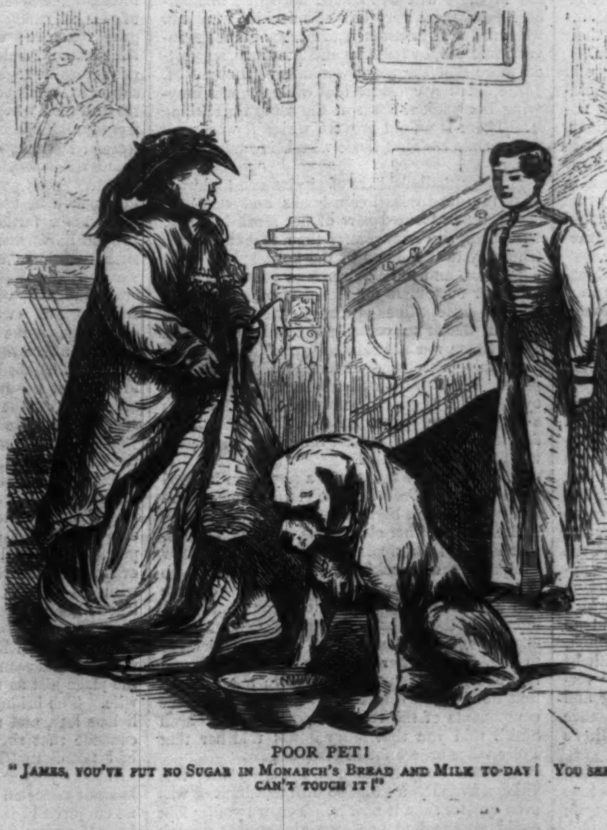
Experienced Conductor finds no trouble.



PLEASURES OF PICNICS.—AUNT JEMIMA (*who has been rather fidgety for some time, and hates dining out-of-doors*). "WELL, GIRLS, *YOU* MAY DO AS YOU LIKE, BUT *I* DON'T INTEND SITTING UPON ANTS' NESTS ANY LONGER."



SLENDER PARTY (*who is not very comfortable*). "THESE 'BUSSES OUGHT TO CHARGE BY WEIGHT."
STOUT PARTY (*sharply*). "AH! IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD NEVER STOP TO PICK YOU UP!"



POOR PET!

"JAMES, YOU'VE PUT NO SUGAR IN MONARCH'S BREAD AND MILK TO-DAY! YOU SEE HE CAN'T TOUCH IT!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IRELAND'S (S)TROP-ICS.—On what do the Irish people sharpen their wits?—Their "och *hone!*"

MEDICAL DIET—Doctors' Commons.

CLERICAL.—May not a Bishop's "Charge" be designated "A Message from the 'See?'"

A CONUNDRUM.

Given, a Hair-dresser, a plate:
 When is the former like the latter?
The answer is, I beg to state,
 This: when the Hair-dresser's a *platter.*

A farmer from the western part of Pennsylvania tells the following hen story. There may be those who will doubt its accuracy, but the relator is a well-known man of veracity: "I make maple sugar every season, and for that purpose have a small furnace with several kettles. These kettles remain idle and empty during all the year, except the sugar season; and last summer a favorite old hen of ours made her nest in one of them, and furnished us with an egg every day or two. One day when the sugar season first came on the kettles were full of boiling sugar-water, and the hen came along as usual, and without noticing the fact, flew into the customary kettle and *laid a boiled egg.*"

THAT'S THE POINT!—We often hear the expression, "A quotation within a quotation." For our own part, we are rather curious to know how there could possibly be a quotation *without* a quotation.

How happy is his life,
Who is blessed with a wife!
Be she ne'er so fair or comely;
Be she fair, or be she homely;
Be she blithe or melancholy;
Have she wit, or have she folly;
Be she prudent, be she squandering,
Be she staid, or be she wandering,
Yet contented is his life
Who is wedded to a wife.

An editor wrote an article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux." When the paper was issued he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of *beans!*"

FROM "THE MILLER AND HIS MEN."—Corn is rising. Bread is dearer. Even the better classes appear to be falling into dreadful destitution, for it is no uncommon sight now to meet their wives and daughters wearing nothing but sacks.

"Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to Boston?" said little three-year-old Ruth. Her sister Minnie, hearing this, said:

"You are too little to have a muff."

"Am I too little to be *cold?*" rejoined the indignant little Ruth.

"Buy any butter here?" said a country customer, who walked into a dry-goods store in a certain city, and looked much like a character who knew a great deal more of himself than he cared to tell.

"No, Sir," replied the merchant, "we don't wish to buy any."

"Want to buy any eggs?"

"No, Sir: we keep a dry-goods store here."

"So! Wa'al, then, maybe you'd like to buy some chickens—fat as pigs, and a mighty sight nicer tew."

"No, Sir; I tell you we don't deal in any thing but dry goods."

"Couldn't I sell you a nice fat shoulder of pork?"

"I tell you, Sir, we deal in dry goods exclusively here."

"Wa'al, what'll you give for *dried peaches?*"

AN IRISH QUERY.

Och! when gay sparks the swate young ladies woo,
 Their little hearts catch fire in raal quick fashion,
And isn't it becase they're victhims to
 The *tinder* passion?

Why are young ladies like arrows?—Because they never go off without a bow (beau), and they are always in a quiver till they get one.

THE MODERN "FREE LANCE"—Gratuitous Vaccination.

MODEL RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the Universal Right-Restoring and Wrong-Exterminating Association, the following resolutions were presented:

Resolved, That in the opinion of the Association, every body must and shall have their rights.

Resolved, That women shall have their rights, whether married, single, widows, or otherwise, and that the laws of Nature, which compel beings to be women against their will, are repugnant to all fundamental ideas of justice, and ought to be abolished.

Resolved, That all negroes shall have their rights, and ought, in justice, to be entitled to white skins and straight hair, as well as any other man.

Resolved, That Free Lovers, Mormons, Shakers, and soldiers (provided they be not too old) shall have their rights.

Resolved, That contractors, jobbers, and speculators of all kinds (provided they be of the right political stripe), shall have their rights.

Resolved, That homeopathists, hydropathists, botanists, steam doctors, mesmerizers, and spiritualists and rappers shall have their rights.

Resolved, That medical education is a humbug.

Resolved, That military education is a humbug.

Resolved, That all education is a humbug.

Resolved, That all men are equal in all kinds of knowledge.

Resolved, That every body knows as much about any body's else profession as they do themselves, and a little more.

Resolved, That every body knows as much about their own business as every body else does.

These resolutions were passed unanimously, and the meeting adjourned, but not *sine die* by a jugful.

"BILL O' THE PLAY."—An ingenious Yankee has invented a new style of programme for the theatres. It is made of light pastry, and the letter-press is printed in chocolate paste. The notion is pleasant, and will be very popular at Christmas, when Master Hopeful will look forward to his pantomime with more than even his ordinary "devouring anxiety." Puff paste will of course be the popular medium for advertising stars, while a heavier hand will be needed for the production of programmes for dough-mestic dramas. One comfort is that, even in cases where a new piece won't go down, its bills can be swallowed.

POOR OLD POLLY STEEN.

"Now, I would like to know, Aunty, if you ever heard of such a thing before?"

"As what, pray?"

"There, it is always so. I have been talking this half hour, and you have not heard a word!"

"Well, young lady, it is sometimes the case that elderly people have something more important to think of than the nonsense that younger people may be saying. But I confess my impoliteness, and am now all attention. What is it all about that you have been telling me?"

"Why, there is that dreadful old woman, Polly Steen—"

"Stop a minute, Anna. *Dreadful!* Why is Polly Steen dreadful?"

"Well, I don't mean dreadful exactly, but queer."

"Queer? Queer is indefinite—but we will not be critical. Polly *is* eccentric. What has Polly done?"

"Did you notice her at the funeral the other day? She was whispering and fidgeting about all the time; and Sarah Smith told me that Mary Jones told her that while the people were waiting for the minister to come Polly Steen was actually bespeaking customers for her hair pomade—bear's grease, she calls it. And Sarah Smith says she only wonders that Polly did not ask the mourners to buy, or the minister himself."

"Indeed! Between what Mary saw, and Sarah said, and Polly did, and Anna heard, my little girl's head is frightfully full of nonsense this morning. Polly's lard is very nicely scented, and, no doubt, smells sweeter by its ursine than its porcine name. But who *knows* that poor old Polly committed any such breach of the proprieties? Did she ask *you* to buy?"

"No, Aunty; but Sarah says that Mary told her that Polly Steen came into the village yesterday with a basket of bottles, and that she went home with none; and the funeral was the day before yesterday, and Mary is sure that Polly must have had a bespeak for her wares, and—"

"I am sure that a certain young lady of my acquaintance is in a very bad way; and if she goes on listening to the wonderful stories of cooks and house-maids, and hearing and retailing their say-so's, she may even become like Polly Steen herself!"

"Why, Aunty! They do say that Polly is a witch, almost; that she knows every thing, and can tell any thing—"

"The truth is, Anna, that poor old Polly is a gossip. But that is quite enough. I can remember her when she was as fresh and blooming as a certain young lady who shall be nameless. We were school-girls together, and playmates. Queer as you think her now, Polly had wit, vivacity, and cleverness enough to make her a universal favorite. But she was a gossip even then, and the weakness has grown with her years till she has become what you see her. She had in her youth every body's good opinion and good wishes. No party was complete without her. And all who knew her then have a kind leaning in their hearts to poor Polly in her old age. Her story is a sad one."

"Oh tell it, Aunty!"

"I will; not to gratify an idle curiosity, or myself be counted among the gossips, but that my niece may be warned in time, and not, at Polly's age, be classed among the queer.

"It is expected that a certain degree of folly should accompany all youth. It is a necessary, and still not necessarily an unpleasant feature of early character. Wisdom is the result of experience, and experience comes later. But the young should not be self-willed. Not even to the beautiful is this permitted. And if, by grace of person, brilliance of mind, and sparkling talents for conversation, they carry on successfully their self-willed folly, so much the worse for them.

"While we look not for the wisdom of age in the young, we do look for deference to their elders on the part of those who, as yet, know nothing of the world, its trials and temptations. And we expect them to submit their conduct to the judgment of their friends. This, I am sorry to say, Polly was never inclined to do. And, in her erratic freaks, she was encouraged by the laughter and admiration of those who should have known better than to sacrifice her character for their amusement.

"There is a great deal of short-sighted objection on the part of young people to what they call the unnecessary restraints and conventionalities of life. They have yet to learn that these rules of propriety are the safeguards of society, and that without them social intercourse would be rude, unregulated, and uncomfortable.

"Young people are always inclined to extremes, and to the pushing even of good and harmless customs into nonsense and extravagance. Because a young lady looks well on horseback, and enjoys the exercise, she need not live in the saddle. Croquet is nice till it becomes perpetual, and the young people are so fascinated as to croquet by torch-light. Skating gives a fine glow to the face and a spring to the blood, but our young women are neither Laplanders nor Esquimaux, nor are they Dutch market-women. So of all amusements which become a passion when they should be but an occasional recreation. Dancing is well enough, and best of all is the impromptu, got up without pomp and circumstance, long preliminaries, verdressing, and flirting. Music is elevating and refining, but the opera may become a nuisance when it makes a weekly drain upon the father's or the husband's pocket.

"In a word, youth itself is charming; but the young, whom we are predetermined to love and to admire, may become disagreeable in spite of spirits, of beauty, of every advantage which they possess. There is nothing so sad as the waste of youth, and its privileges and advantages. Polly Steen wasted her youth."

Anna listened with a sort of roguish look of confession. She felt that her aunt was introducing a running admonition to the listener while she told her tale. And as Anna could not deny that the reprimand had some show of justice, she was too wise to point it by any comment or reply. Aunt Sarah went on.

"And, what was worse than waste, Polly presumed upon her beauty and her accomplishments to take liberties not only with herself and her health, her friends and their patience, but she took unwarrantable liberties with the truth."

Anna's conscience acquitted her here; but she blushed as she thought that she had indulged in a little, just a little concealment, and, perhaps, a mere shade of prevarication.

"People said that Polly was a spoiled child; but, like many another, the fault of her spoiling was all in herself, though her poor parents, as usual, had to endure the blame of it.

"When Polly Steen was at your age there was a poor old body, as much as possible like what Polly is now, whose livelihood was picked up in the same mode as that by which Polly Steen wins her crusts. She went through the village vending pins, needles, nostrums, and—scandal. She was a mischief-maker generally, and turned the foolish heads of the young people by a pretense at fortune-telling—a folly more common in those days than now. She would have been hanged for a witch had she lived about one hundred years earlier."

Anna's ears tingled. Sarah Smith had *almost* made her promise that "some day," just for fun, she would let Polly Steen tell *her* fortune.

"The wretched woman was quick of hearing, and shrewd at suspicion. Imagining where she did not see, and lying whenever a lie would serve her purpose, she was full of all subtlety and mischief, though her shrewdness was, it must be owned, sometimes sufficiently amusing. I remember one bleak day she came to our house half clad. Mother, without saying a word, went up stairs, and came down again with an old but serviceable shawl, which she offered her. 'Go back,' said the creature, 'and bring me the shawl you took first in your hand, and then laid back again!' 'That or none,' said my mother; 'and take it and go at once.' '*Did* you have another in your hand?' I asked. 'Certainly,' said my mother. 'And how did she know it?' I inquired in a sort of half terror. 'You little goose,' was the answer, 'how could I select the most proper article to give away without handling the others?' Yet these are the sort of shallow tricks with which such creatures impose upon the weak and foolish."

The glamour of Polly Steen was fast fading away from the mind of Anna.

"Polly Steen as little thought, when she looked at this poor old woman, that she could herself become one day like her, than you think now that you can ever resemble Polly Steen. The charitable bought of her, as they now do of Polly, because they felt that, in some way, she must be kept from starving. Many, as the cheapest mode, gave her presents outright, rather than be imposed upon with her inferior wares, at twice the valuation of good articles. There are vexation and disappointment in poor implements and materials for which no cheapness can compensate, but when you have knotty cotton, no-point needles, soap all rosin and grease, ill mixed and worse scented, and pay two prices for such things, the infliction is rather trying to one's patience.

"All this, in her case then, as in Polly's now, might have been borne with the relief of some grumbling, if, in addition, she had not retailed slanders and silly gossip among her wares. Yet, with a large number of people, including not a few of those who denounced her as an insufferable pest, these very bits of mischief were her welcome. They listened to her spontaneous inventions, and, by remarks and questions, suggested more that she never would have thought of. Little did they consider that while she was emptying her pack she was at the same time filling it. There is an old proverb which it were well to remember—That those who bring tales carry them.

"Songs, ballads, lives of gipsies and highwaymen, murder-trials, dream-books, and such miserable trash, formed part of her stock-in-trade. Of course, she knew better than to exhibit this trumpery to the elders in the households. The domestics, and the children and young persons, were her customers for this part of her stores; and the surreptitious purchase gave the first lessons in deceit to young people—lessons which Polly Steen was not slow to learn."

Anna's conscience was almost clear at this point. She was too well educated to be tempted by this kind of cheap literature. But there was a little twinge. She had told Sarah Smith her dreams, and Sarah, just for fun again, had stated what the book revealed.

"Polly Steen's father was a physician in good practice, and in comfortable circumstances, and Polly might have been to-day as well established in life as any of her old friends and schoolmates. But she had the weakness of delighting in low company, and of seeking the society of those who flattered her vanity from selfish motives. She was a prize, of course, to such a designing cormorant as the old basket-woman. Quantities of nostrums, worse than useless, she persuaded her to buy, assuring her that they would benefit and improve her appearance. I have not a doubt that Polly Steen learned of this old creature the components of the very compound which Sarah Smith told you that Mary Jones told her that Polly takes orders for at funerals.

"When Polly Steen and I were young this village, which you think so dull and lifeless, was even quieter than it now is. Yet, we young folk could always find our own amusement though croquet had not come in; and skating parties of girls and boys were never dreamed of. We had our sleighing and our dancing, our strolls in the woods, and our singing schools, and much more that I can not now remember; all very pleasant and proper when properly indulged in. And Polly, into every thing in which she participated, contrived to infuse a dash of piquancy which always amused and sometimes frightened us.

"The old bridge over the creek was built in those days. Fine fun we used to have with the ferry before the bridge was built. I well remember how Polly Steen once managed, by a pretended accident, to push into the water a young fellow who admired her. It effectually cooled his passion; and now, I guess, if she would confess the truth, she would say, 'More's the pity!' For he is comfortably established in life with sons and daughters round him, while poor lonely old Polly Steen is just what you see her. Strange that those who start in life together, and on equal terms, should diverge so far, so very far apart!

"The building of the bridge brought, for a few months, quite a new population among us; and the watching of the progress of the work was the town's amusement. The engineer's room at the tavern was the great attraction for all our young men. The Engineer, as he styled himself, was an individual who put on foreign airs over his native graces, and fancied himself an architect and an artist of no mean pretensions. He talked of 'sections,' and 'elevations,' and 'spans,' and 'arches,' and nobody knows what. Our young men were astonished.

> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

But with all his pretensions, it must be admitted that he did build a good bridge. It was a pity that it did not carry the builder safe over.

"His room was hung round with plans of all sorts of public works; from the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and the Temple of Solomon, down to the bridge in our village, as it was designed to be. The room seemed, to us unpracticed folk, quite an architectural art gallery; and the plans, and drawings, and diagrams, and estimates which covered the large table were quite a wonder to behold. You may think it strange that I should know all about this apartment and its treasures. But Polly Steen contrived that the Engineer should be prompted to invite the ladies of the village to spend an evening with the young gentlemen in inspecting his collection of drawings.

"We were rather scandalized when, at nine o'clock, a late hour for those days, we were ushered into another room to a splendid collation. We were still more confused and astonished, while we tasted the viands (the wiser of us under protest), when a band of music struck up in the tavern hall, and we were invited and expected to go into an impromptu dance. Not all Polly Steen's persuasion could make this go down, however; though she was aided and abetted by all the young men. There was one contra-dance, led off by Polly and the Engineer; but no ladies could be found to make up the second set. We were confounded at the man's assurance; a stranger, with no credentials, unreceived into our social circles, and yet playing the Don Magnifico in this way; as if we were a troop of pretty savages, whom it was his royal pleasure to entertain.

"It was all Polly's work; and her father was justly and seriously indignant. The Doctor was not deficient in penetration. The stranger had a *blasé* look (I would not use a French word if I could find an English one as appropriate), which put the elder and more experienced of our little community on their guard. And from the gross and sensual appearance of the Engineer our village maidens shrunk with instinctive modesty—all but poor, infatuated, self-willed Polly Steen. The young men were at first attracted by the air of dash and freedom and the unquestionably interesting conversation of the stranger. Much of this charming talk, it afterward proved, was pure romance; or, in plainer words, absolute falsehood. As he grew in intimacy with the gentlemen he rapidly developed; and his conversation at length became so gross and abominable that all men who respected themselves withdrew from him. His companions in his tavern orgies were at last narrowed down to those who had no character to lose.

"Dr. Steen positively forbade him his house, into which he had attempted to intrude. And the Doctor furthermore enjoined his daughter to hold no further intercourse with a person of such questionable character. The prohibition was well known; and every body, except Polly, commended its wisdom. She, with characteristic folly, every where defended the adventurer, and ridiculed the caution of her father and 'the prudish affectation of the saints.' Still, she seemed to be obedient to her father's injunctions, in letter, if not in spirit; and we congratulated ourselves that the foolish girl was saved from destruction in spite of herself.

"But, in the midst of our quiet rejoicing that the bridge was almost finished, and that the Engineer would soon be gone, and our young men saved from his pernicious example, we were startled with the intelligence that Polly Steen had eloped with him, and that her father had gone in pursuit. Painful was our suspense till, on the evening of the same day, the Doctor returned with his daughter. It transpired that he had traced them direct to the house of one of those wretched couple-beggars, who disgrace the sacred profession by their readiness to aid in all runaway and scandalous marriages. He reached the place just as they were pronounced man and wife. The bridegroom looked round with a malicious leer, and remarked that the father must concede that the sacred ceremony (a scamp!) had terminated his authority in the premises. 'Authority—yes,' replied the Doctor: 'but it has not canceled the claims of affection.' And he conjured his child, if she had any respect for herself or her friends, to return with him. He promised, in six months, if no insuperable obstacle intervened, to give her to her husband, to cause her wedding to be decently solemnized by a respectable clergyman, and to settle upon her such a provision as his daughter was entitled to.

"The bridegroom furiously resisted and stormed. But he overdid the matter. Polly was shocked at his profanity and abuse of her father; and was confirmed in what she had feared—that the fellow had drank more in the morning than it was prudent to get angry upon. Brandy and fury are unsafe together. She threw herself weeping into her father's arms. The disappointed bridegroom was left, cursing, where he stood, and the mercenary parson was left wondering whether his fee would cover the disagreeableness of such a scene, and compensate him for the merited rebuke he had received from the justly incensed father.

"The Engineer swaggered back into the town next day. Trouble number one met him in the claim of the stable-keeper, who thought it high time that the large arrears of horse-hire were paid. And the landlord, feigning a welcome, suggested that the liquidation of his account for liquids would be acceptable. Even the bill for the princely collation had not yet been adjusted; nor has it indeed ever been paid to this day. The people he met in the streets could not see him. His very tavern cronies, for whose entertainment he was in the landlord's books, turned a cold shoulder on the swell, who had so shrunk that he could order liquors and suppers for them no longer. It was a decided case of collapse; and the pet of the potators was manifestly in the blue stage. For the blue demons held him fast.

"Firm as was their grip there was one grip even firmer. If people in the village 'could not see him,' there was one person who could. A podgy, dirty, dowdy, red-faced woman, accompanied by her brother, appeared and claimed the gallant, gay Lothario, as her lawful husband, and he was marched away, minus his baggage. 'Much good may it do you!' cried the graceless varlet to the landlord at parting. 'I'll throw in the keys!' and he tossed them to him. But I don't think the baggage did *much* good. All stones are not auriferous. But every body, landlord included, was glad to be rid of the rascal at any price.

"It subsequently appeared that while Polly Steen was apparently obedient to her father, she was meeting the appointments of the vagabond stranger, and maintaining with him a constant correspondence. Of course the agent and the go-between was the wretched old woman of whom I have told you. All her arts of fortune-telling, dream-reading, and miserable gossip were plied in favor of the impostor. Polly did not, indeed, believe such stuff. But evil communications corrupt good manners; and listening to such an artful and insidious woman had at least this influence—that it lowered the tone of the young girl's mind, and blunted that sensitive delicacy which is a fair maiden's best safeguard.

"I must not forget to say that the Engineer proved to be no engineer at all. He was a fair workman employed to superintend the job by the contractor. Great was the shame of all the dupes when the actual Engineer came.

"Polly never recovered from the shock. She had ceased to be a fit companion for the young; and had no warrant of welcome in the families of those whose mate she would have been had she married well, or kept the equally honorable position of a respectable maiden lady. Few people can live without companionship, and as Polly Steen had lost the countenance and the confidence of her equals she sought that of her inferiors, and became what I have said, a gossip; and not a gossip of choice language or respectable themes, but of the baldest scandal. When her father died it was found that his spirit had been so broken by the incapacity of his daughter to preside over his household and to maintain its former respectable position that he had fallen into evil courses, and left his affairs in hopeless confusion. And so Polly Steen descended to what you now see. But you need not think her quite as bad as was the woman whose mantle seems to have fallen upon her. She is pinched by poverty, unguarded in her talk, and not over-scrupulous in her dealings. That is all. But it is a depth quite low enough for one before whom life and hope were once as bright as they are now before my darling Anna."

Anna drew a long breath and answered not a word. But she never since has dawdled in the kitchen to listen to foolish conversation, to hear fulsome flattery, or to recount dreams for the solution of the oracle of pans and porringers.

HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT is used for invalids in the Boston Blind Asylum, with the best results.

THE only tonic approved by the scientific report presented by the Committee to the N.Y. Academy of Medicine is Hoff's Malt Extract. Depot 542 Broadway.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"OH! THAT WILL BE JOYFUL!" When men and women throw "physic to the dogs," and when a trifle out of order, or to *prevent* getting out of order, take Plantation Bitters. Are you Dyspeptic, Nervous, Jaundiced, Hy'pped, Low Spirited, Weak, or are you sick and don't know what ails you? We have been, and were recommended to try the Plantation Bitters, which we did with great satisfaction and entire success. Delicate Females, Clergymen, Merchants, Lawyers, and persons of Sedentary Habits are particularly benefited by these Bitters. The sale is perfectly enormous.

MAGNOLIA WATER is a delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

IN JUSTICE TO THE RACE,

We are compelled, disagreeable as is the task, to caution the public against the use of certain preparations which are advertised as "effectual Vermifuges," reliable "Worm Confections," etc. It might be supposed that after all the hard knocks administered to pretension and humbuggery, the people would enjoy an immunity from their infliction. The very continuance of the evil, however, is an argument in favor of the actual and successful existence of a truly meritorious and reliable preparation; as it is no less true of medicinal preparations than of National Currency, that the genuine issue is followed by counterfeit and spurious imitations. These ephemeral productions are so cunningly gilded over with matters which appear plausible, that they are well calculated to deceive the unwary, and even persons of intelligence are at times misled into the belief that they can perform a single iota of all that they claim. The united assaults, however, of the combined class, fail to affect in the slightest degree the firmly established position of the genuine remedy, just as counterfeit and spurious money fails to affect the value of the genuine coin. The pretentious and worthless imitations continue to come and go, while DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, discovered more than thirty years ago, and daily growing more and more into public favor, stands forth on its own merits as a specific, eminently deserving of the entire confidence of the race.

☞ Be careful to procure DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. All other vermifuges are, in comparison, worthless, if not absolutely dangerous. Dr. McLane's Vermifuge can now be had at all respectable drug stores.

None genuine without the signature of

[38.] FLEMING BROS.

"WHAT TO DO." It would be well for parents to read the Phrenological Journal, and learn how to judge the capacities of their sons, before deciding on a life pursuit. Nov. and Dec. Nos. free to new subscribers. Newsmen have it. S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A REPOSITORY OF

Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

HARPER'S BAZAR, the publication of which has just been commenced by HARPER & BROTHERS, is an Illustrated Weekly Journal, devoted to Fashion and Household Literature.

It is the first Weekly Journal of Fashion ever published in the United States. By arrangements which the Publishers have perfected, at great cost, with the most celebrated European Fashion Journals—particularly with the well-known *Bazar* of Berlin—Illustrations of Fashions for each week of the year will appear in HARPER'S BAZAR simultaneously with their publication in Paris and Berlin: an advantage which will belong exclusively to this Journal.

In a country where *Three Hundred Millions of Dollars* are annually expended for dry-goods, to be transformed into Articles of Dress, trustworthy and practical instructions as to the most tasteful and economical methods of fashioning these articles become of the greatest value to American women. The BAZAR will contain full and explicit Instructions, with Illustrations, which will enable every Lady Reader to cut and make her own and her children's entire wardrobe, with a large portion of her husband's. Each alternate Number will be accompanied with large Pattern Plates, containing from Forty to Fifty full-sized Patterns, applicable to every article of wardrobe made in the family, with the necessary Directions for cutting and making. Similar Illustrations and Descriptions of Fancy Work will also be furnished. These Patterns will be executed in Paris and Berlin, and will surpass any thing of the kind hitherto produced in this country. Frequently an elegant Colored Fashion Plate will be presented with the paper. Practical Descriptions will also be given of the Fashions especially in vogue in New York—the centre of Fashion in America.

HARPER'S BAZAR, besides being the leading Fashion Journal in this country, will also aim to present before its readers the very best specimens of Household Literature. It will contain original and selected Serial Stories, Poetry, Novelettes, Articles on the Topics of the Day (excluding Politics), on Books, Art, Morals, Familiar Science, Education, Amusements, Hygiene, Etiquette, Housekeeping, Gardening, with Home and Foreign Gossip. No subject of household interest will be excluded from its columns.

In the first Number of the BAZAR will be commenced a Novel, entitled "The Cord and the Creese; or, The Brandon Mystery," by James De Mille, Esq., Author of "The Dodge Club." This Novel has been read in manuscript by several of our most competent critics, who unanimously pronounce it, in point of interest of plot, variety of adventure, and graphic delineation of character, to be fully equal to any of the novels of Wilkie Collins.

HARPER'S BAZAR will contain 16 folio pages, of the size of HARPER'S WEEKLY, printed on superfine calendered paper, and will be published weekly, at ten cents per single Number, or Four Dollars per Year.

☞ *Ladies in the Country will be supplied gratuitously through the mails with the* FIRST SIX NUMBERS OF HARPER'S BAZAR *upon written application to the Publishers.*

Postage, Five Cents for Three Months.

Single Subscribers will be supplied from the beginning to the end of the year 1868, which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.

An Extra Copy will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at Four Dollars each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for Twenty Dollars.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

Franklin Square, New York, October, 1867.

HEADS AND CHARACTERS. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for NOVEMBER contains: General Samuel R. Curtis, with portrait and biography; Ottilie Wildermuth, and Elise Polko. Eminent Clergymen: George Brown, D.D.; T. H. Stockton, D.D.; W. Collier, D.D.; R. Hanks, D.D.; Z. Ragan, D.D.; A. H. Bassett; C. Springer; John Scott, D.D.; W. Reeves, D.D.; Alexander Clark, A.M.; H. B. Knight, A.M.; Joseph J. Smith, A.M.; D.B. Dorsey, M.D., with accurate portraits; Jeremiah Day, D.D., LL.D. James P. Beckwourth, the celebrabrated Western Hunter, Pioneer and Rocky Mountain Guide; and Julia Dean, the Tragedienne, with a fine portrait. Only 30 cents, or $3 a year. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

STEREOSCOPTICON AND MAGIC LANTERNS for Public Exhibitions. The largest manufactory in the United States of the most improved instruments and views. A descriptive manual of 100 pages, describing all instruments and views, and how to operate with them, and priced and illustrated catalogue attached, sent free, by JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 24 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS

22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,

12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

POLLAK & SON,
Manufact'rs of Meerschaum goods, 27 John St., n. Nassau, and 692 Broadway, n. 4th St. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Letter-Box 5846.

AGENTS WANTED

To engage in a highly lucrative employment. $5 to $20 made readily in a day by attention and industry. Send for circular. Address

B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., New York.

New Medical Guide,

Giving important information worth a journey to New York on foot to obtain, sent free by inclosing a postage stamp to Dr. LAWRENCE, 14 Bond Street, N. Y.

BOYS! Ten "Rare" Engravings, size 13x18, splendidly colored. Interesting to young gents, rather "rich," and slightly "racy." Can't give names. Try a sample, only 20 cts., 3 for 50 cts. The whole set for $1 50, securely enveloped and mailed. Address only Box 12, Hinsdale, N. H.

£150,000,000

Sterling in money and estates remain unclaimed in Great Britain and Ireland in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2 00. Genealogies traced, Wills searched for. All letters must be prepaid. GUN & CO., Unclaimed Money and Estates Registry, 6 Prince of Wales Road, London, England.

WATERS' PIANO-FORTES.

Grand, Square, and Upright; MELODEONS: Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet ORGANS—the best manufactured—TO LET, and rent applied if purchased; monthly installments received. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Factory and Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS & CO.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Demorest's Monthly combines more attractions, both useful and entertaining, and at the same time offers more liberal premiums, than any other; and, certainly, for no other Magazine could subscriptions be procured so easily. Now is the time to make up your Clubs for 1868. Yearly, $3, with a beautiful premium. Only 20 subscriptions secures a new Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, with the extra premium to each subscriber. November Number now ready. Address

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, N. Y.
Specimen copies, mailed free, 10 cents.

EMPLOYMENT! $10 A DAY and EXPENSES PAID. Circulars *free*. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Me.

$225 A MONTH! 15 new articles for Agents. Address H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

Oroide cases, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled, and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time, they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. We are at present making watches only of the first quality: Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent by express, to be paid for on delivery, *customers paying all Express charges*. C. E. COLLINS & CO., 42 and 44 Nassau St., New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

Have just Published:

HASWELL'S POCKET-BOOK. Engineers' and Mechanics' Pocket-Book. Containing United States and Foreign Weights and Measures; Rules of Arithmetic; Latitudes and Longitudes; Tables of the Weights of Materials; Cables and Anchors; Specific Gravities; Geometry; Areas and Circumferences of Circles, &c., &c.; Squares, Cubes, and Roots; Mensuration of Surfaces and Solids; Conic Sections; Trigonometry; Sines, Secants, and Tangents; Mechanics; Friction; Hydraulics and Hydrodynamics; Aerostatics; Dynamics; Gravitation; Animal Strength; Central Forces; Fly-Wheels; Pile-Driving; Pneumatics; Wind-Mills; Strength of Materials; Metals, Limes, Mortars, &c.; Wheels and Wheel Gearing; Winding Engines; Heat, Light, Water; Gunnery; Railways and Roads, Sewers; Tonnage; Fuel; Combustion; Construction of Vessels; Cements; Alloys; Miscellaneous Illustrations and Notes; Dimensions of Steamers; Mills; Orthography of Technical Terms, &c., &c.; Steam and the Steam-Engine, &c., &c. Twenty-first Edition, revised and enlarged. By CHARLES H. HASWELL, Civil and Marine Engineer. 663 pp., 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00.

The above work sent by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

"LOOK AT IT." Thirty Cents pays for sample No. of the Pictorial Phrenological Journal, filled with Ethnology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Psychology, and how to read character. Three dollars pays for a year. Nov. and Dec. Nos. free to new subscribers. Address

S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

MME. DEMOREST'S MAMMOTH BULLETIN PLATE of the Fall and Winter Fashions for Ladies, with ten full-size Patterns of the principal Figures, Price $2 50, mailed free. Also Mme. Demorest's Bulletin Plate of Children's Fashions, with ten full-size Patterns, $1 50. Mailed free on receipt of price. 473 Broadway, N.Y. A splendid business for Agents.

"TIP-TOP." The Pictorial Phrenological Journal is filled with Physiognomy, Ethnology, Psychology, "Signs of Character, and How to Read them." Nov. and Dec. Nos free to new subscribers. $3 a year, 30 cents a number. S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

To engage in a highly lucrative employment. $5 to $20 made readily in a day by attention and industry. Send for Circular. Address B. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

GOLD MEDAL PERFUMERY.

NAPOLEON III. awarded the Prize Medal, at the Paris Exposition, 1867, to R. & G. A. WRIGHT, for the best Toilet Soap, Extracts, and Perfumeries. For sale by all the principal Druggists.

R. & G. A. WRIGHT, 624 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

CURL YOUR HAIR!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with STAMP, Prof. B. H. ROBB, PARKMAN, OHIO.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.

DAVID WATSON, Ag't, Adams Press Co.,
26 Courtlandt Street, New York.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA, the best Juvenile Magazine. Every boy and girl says so, and every parent and teacher confirms it. Yearly, $1 50, with a good Microscope, having a glass cylinder for examining living objects, or a two-blade Pearl Knife, as a premium. Specimen copies mailed free on receipt of 10 cents. Address

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, N. Y.

"HOW TO GET IT." The Pictorial Phrenological Journal sent a year for $3, a month for 30 cents. Parents, teachers, preachers, all ought to read it. Nov. and Dec. Nos. free to new subscribers. Newsmen have it. S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16, $23, $30. Price of Office, $15, $20, $30, $42, $48, $70. Send for circular to LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water St., Boston.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS,

Imitations of Oil Paintings.

Published by L. PRANG & CO., Boston. Sold in all Picture Stores. Send for Catalogue.

WANTED. Agents at $125 a month, and expenses. Address J. S. HAYES, GREAT FALLS, N. H.

$25 PER DAY. AGENTS WANTED. Business new and light. Address

REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, New York.

DEVIL'S AUCTION and Black Crook Dancing Girls' Pictures. 5 for $1 00, or $2 00 per dozen.

W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

A WATCH FREE. Given gratis to every live man who will act as agent in a new, light, and honorable business. Agents sell them as fast as they can reach them out. 30 Dollars per day can be made sure. No Gift Enterprise, no Humbug. For full particulars address R. MONROE KENNEDY & CO., Corner of Fifth and Wood Streets, Pittsburg, Pa.

GIVEN AWAY. A Photograph will be sent to you FREE, on receipt of your address and two postage stamps, by O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

METZLAR'S PATENT LEAPING HOBBY-HORSE. Best in use. LEWIS P. TIBBALS, Sole Agent, 478 Broadway, New York. Also,

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIRL AND BOY'S MUSIC BOX, playing "Happy Land," "Love at Home," &c. Price $3 00.

"WHAT CAN I DO BEST?" Read the Pictorial Phrenological Journal, and learn in what calling you can succeed best. Nov. and Dec. Nos. free to new subscribers. $3 a year Address

S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR NOVEMBER, 1867.

CONTENTS:

THE MINES OF SANTA EULALIA, CHIHUAHUA.
  ILLUSTRATIONS.—Carrying Ore to the Furnace.—Silver Mountain of Santa Eulalia.—El Real de Santa Eulalia.—Silver Washing among the Slag.—One Mode of Washing for Silver.—Another Mode of Washing for Silver.—Entrance to San Domingo.—Mouth of Mine Dolores.—Profile of San José.—Entrance to the Mine San José.—Mexican Ore-Crusher.—Bringing Ore from the Mines.—Entrance to the Mine Guadalupe.—Entrance to the Mine Negrita.—Smelting Furnace.—Mexican Bellows.
THE FOREST FINE.
  With an Illustration.
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.—(*Ninth Paper.*)
  ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home at Last.—Blackberrying.—She won't give down.—Catlett's Station.—Head-Quarters "en Bivouac."—Manassas Junction.—No Skulking.—Death and his Brother Sleep.—Teamsters.—Humiliation.
AN OLD APPLE WOMAN.
  With an Illustration.
A DAUGHTER TO SPARE.
MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.
THE HUNGRY HEART.
OUR MAN BARNABAS.
POE AT WEST POINT.
CALICO.
BLIND PEOPLE.
THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.
WRECKED AT SEA.
MORE OF THE GREAT SHOW AT PARIS.
ANOTHER WEAK-MINDED WOMAN.
ADVENT.
PRINTS, PICTURES, AND PRICES.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . .	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 50 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.